

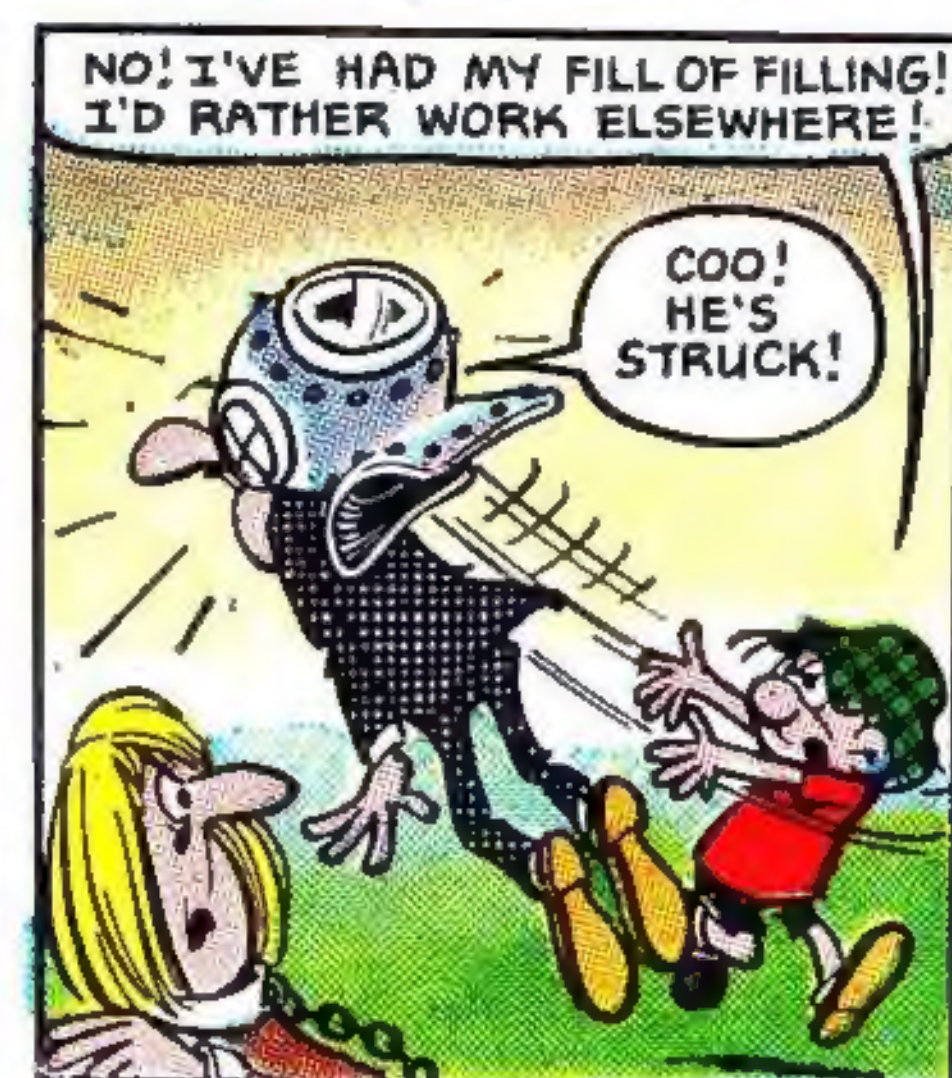
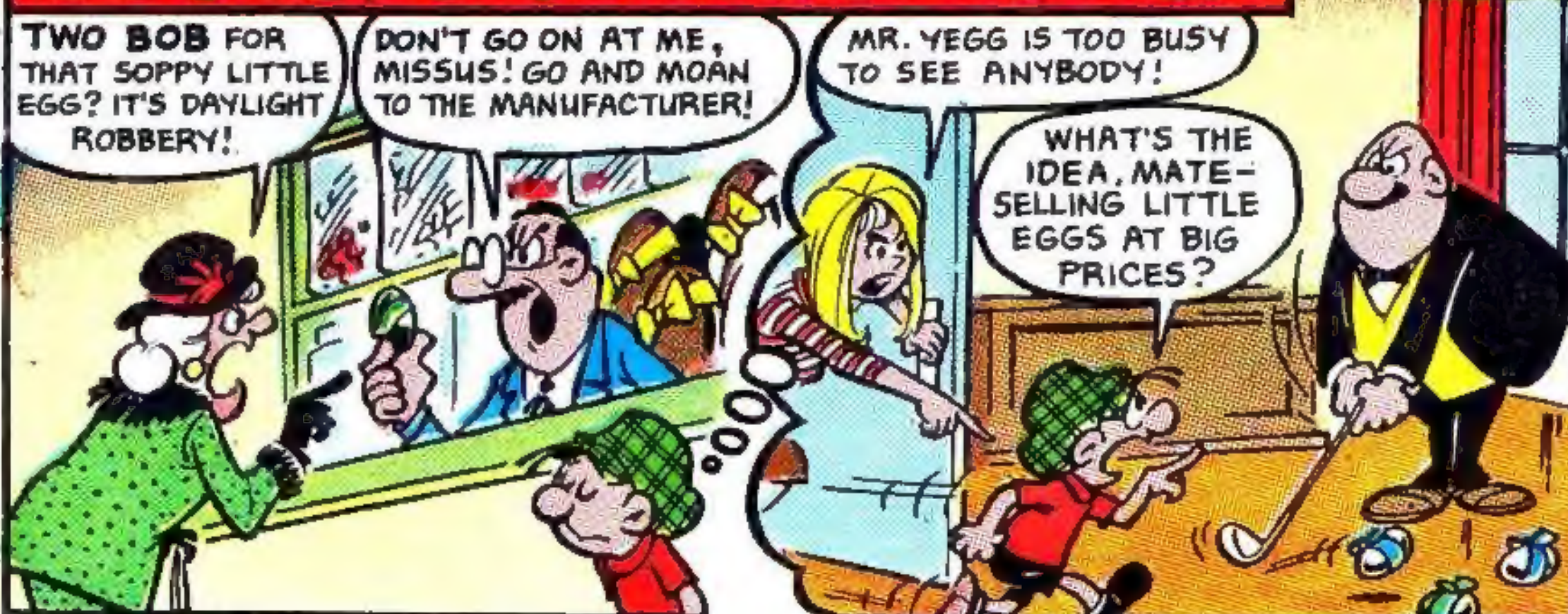
A FEAST OF EASTER FUN!

BUSTER 7d

EVERY MONDAY and Giggle

Australia 10 cents; New Zealand 10 cents; S. Africa 10 cents; Rhodesia 1/-; E. Africa 1.00 cents; W. Africa 1/-; Malta 9d.; Canada 15 cents; Malaysia 40 cents; Danmark Kr. 1.85; Deutschland Dm. .55; Espana Pes. 10.0; Nederland Fl. .70; Norge. Kr. 1.25; Portugal Esc. 5.0; Suomi Fm. .40; Italia L. 120; Sverige Kr. .75 inkl. moms.

BUSTER'S DREAM-WORLD



JIM SHRIEKED A WARNING CRY... AND GALAXUS RESPONDED IMMEDIATELY!

GALAXUS

THE THING FROM OUTER SPACE

A space-creature known as Galaxus had been marooned on Earth and he was being hunted throughout the world. In the Sahara Desert, he and Jim and Danny Jones had escaped from hostile tribesmen who believed the trio to be responsible for attacks by strange jelly-like balloons. Jim and Danny were asleep when one of the spheres appeared in the sky...



AWAKENED BY THEIR FRIEND'S YELP OF FRIGHT, JIM AND DANNY STARED UP IN DISMAY...

OH, G-GOOD GRIEF! LOOK, JIM!

ONE OF THE JELLY-BOMBS! THROW IT AWAY, GALAXUS—QUICKLY!



BEWILDERED BY THE SMOKING, BURNING HOT MISSILE, GALAXUS OBEYED AT ONCE...

BUUUUU!

NOW GET DOWN! SPRAWL FLAT BEHIND THAT DUNE AND TAKE COVER!



THE GENTLE SPACE-CREATURE ROLLED THE BOYS UNDER A ROCK AND DIVED TO THE SAND IN THE NICK OF TIME...



THEN, AS THE ECHOES OF THE MAMMOTH EXPLOSION DIED AWAY, GALAXUS CALMED DOWN AND BEGAN TO TRANSFER HIS THOUGHTS...

C-CRUMBS, HE'S SAYING HE REACHED UP AND CAUGHT IT, JIM! JUST OUT OF CURIOSITY...

POOR GALAXUS... IT DID GIVE HIM A FRIGHT! ANYWAY, HE SAYS IT CAME FROM A NORTH-EASTERLY DIRECTION, SO WE MUST BE HEADING THE RIGHT WAY...



THE COMPANIONS GAZED IN AMAZEMENT, AS A FAMILIAR SHAPE FORMED BEFORE THEIR EYES !

JIM AND DANNY RAN ACROSS TO A DEEP, NEWLY-FORMED CRATER ...

SAME AS BEFORE ... LUMPS OF THICK JELLY STUFF SCATTERED IN ALL DIRECTIONS !

IT'S WEIRD, ALL RIGHT, DANNY ! BUT WE CAN ONLY SOLVE THE MYSTERY BY CARRYING ON UNTIL WE FIND WHERE THEY'RE BEING FIRED FROM ! LET'S GET GOING !

SO, WITH THE BOYS SAFE IN HIS MASSIVE HAND, THE FAITHFUL SPACE-CREATURE LOPED ON TIRELESSLY ACROSS THE BURNING SANDS ...

TWO HOURS LATER, GALAXUS SUDDENLY STOPPED ...

UUUUU-BUUUU-AUUUH !

DANNY, LOOK ! A RANGE OF HILLS ... IT RUNS FOR MILES IN BOTH DIRECTIONS !

YES—LIKE A SOLID BARRIER ACROSS THE DESERT ! LET'S HAVE A CLOSER LOOK !

WHILE THE BOYS BEGAN TO SEARCH FOR CLUES ALONG THE BASE OF THE SOARING CLIFF, GALAXUS SAT PEACEFULLY WITH HIS BACK AGAINST THE ROCK ...

THEN, WITHOUT WARNING, THE SPACE-CREATURE LEAPED INTO THE AIR ...

C-CRIKEY, WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM ?

WUUUU-AUUU-OOOH !

I CAN SEE, DANNY ! JUST LOOK AT THE FUR UP NEAR HIS SHOULDERS—WHERE HE WAS LEANING AGAINST THE WALL. IT'S SCORCHED !

UTTERLY AMAZED, THE BOYS LOOKED UP ...

GOSH, THERE'S SMOKE COMING OUT OF THAT CRACK IN THE ROCK ! THE CLIFF-FACE MUST BE RED-HOT UP THERE !

AND THEN, EVEN AS THEY WATCHED, SOMETHING BEGAN TO HAPPEN ...

SKKWIIISH !

THE FAMILIAR, QUIVERING SHAPE SWELLED BIGGER AND BIGGER ...

FFZZZZZ !

IT-IT'S A JELLY-BOMB ! SQUEEZING ITSELF OUT THROUGH THE ROCK ! BUT HOW DOES—?

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

BEFORE DANNY COULD FINISH, THERE WAS A HIGH-PITCHED WHISTLING NOISE...

KERPLAAM!

SECONDS LATER, THE ALL-POWERFUL FIREBALL WAS WHIRLING OFF ACROSS THE DESERT...

YAAAAA!

UUUU-AAH!

WOW! IT BLASTED AWAY FROM THE CLIFF LIKE A SHELL FROM A GUN! THERE MUST BE SOMETHING INSIDE THAT CLIFF, JIM... BUT WHAT?

LET'S TRY AND FIND OUT ONCE AND FOR ALL...

TURNING, JIM RAN A LITTLE WAY ALONG THE WALL...

SEE THIS GAP? IT'S MY GUESS IT LEADS TO A CAVE OR TUNNEL INSIDE!

THEN LET'S EXPLORE! THE ROCK FEELS PERFECTLY COOL, SO AT LEAST WE WON'T GET SINGED LIKE GALAXUS!

JIM TOLD THE SPACE-CREATURE TO REDUCE SIZE AND PLACED HIM IN HIS POCKET, THEN THE TWO BOYS VENTURED INSIDE...

IT'S A TUNNEL, ALL RIGHT... AND SLOPING DOWNWARDS!

THERE SEEMS TO BE PLENTY OF LIGHT COMING FROM SOMEWHERE, TOO! A SORT OF RED GLOW!

THE PASSAGE GREW STEEPER... AND SUDDENLY JIM FELT HIMSELF START TO SLIDE...

D-DANNY, GRAB MY FOOT... I'M SLIPPING!

DESPERATELY, DANNY MADE A LUNGE FORWARD, BUT...

J-JIM, IT'S NO GOOD! YOUR WEIGHT'S JUST DRAGGING ME DOWNWARDS, TOO!

IT'S GETTING HOTTER ALL THE TIME! L-LIKE A FURNACE!

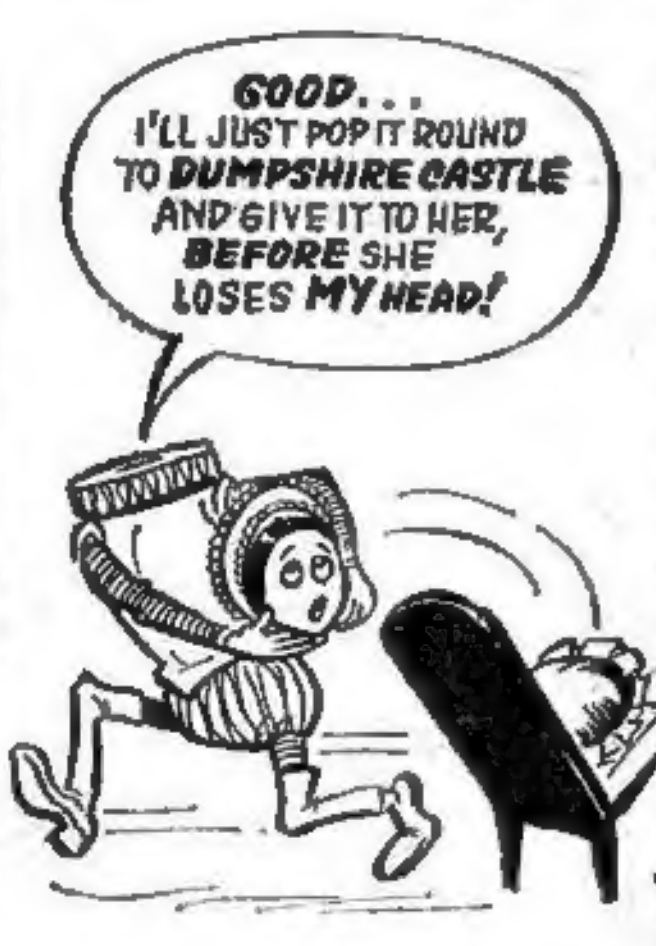
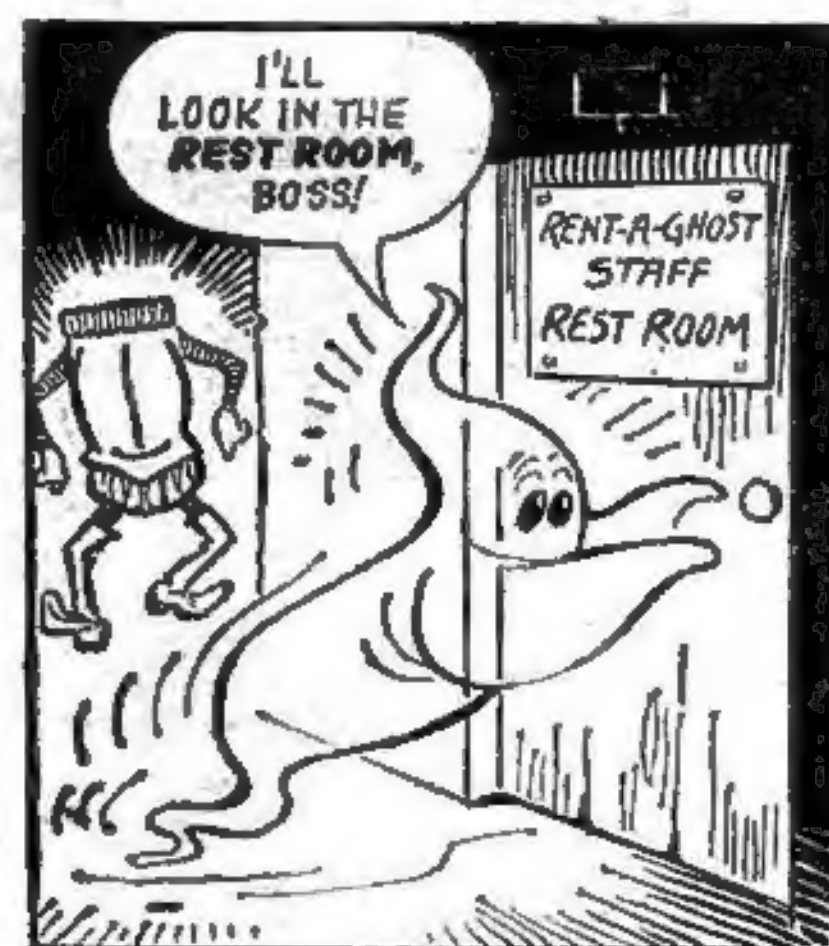
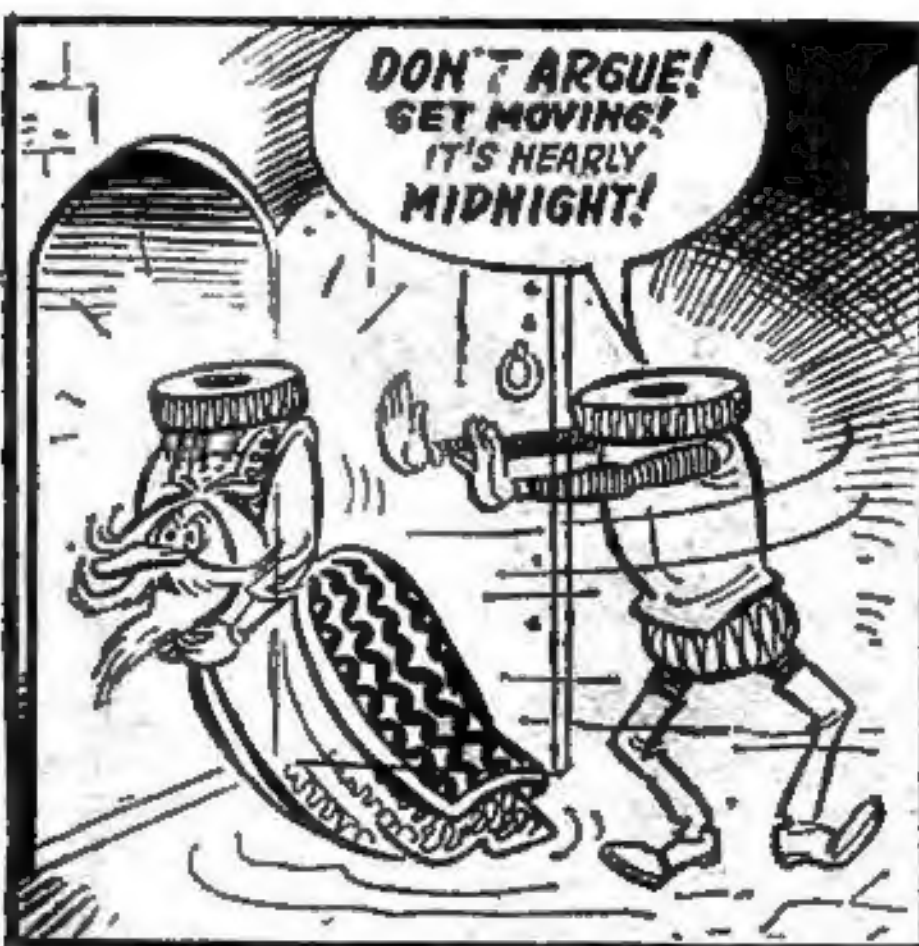
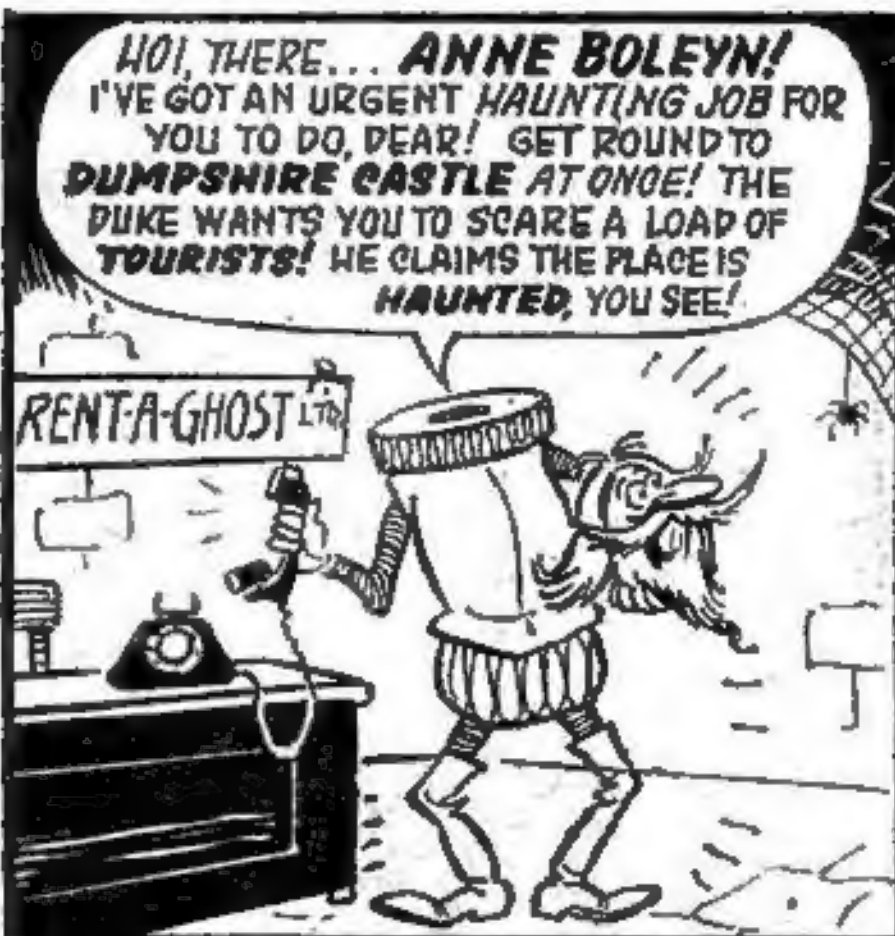
AND THEN, BELOW, JIM SAW SOMETHING THAT BROUGHT A GASP OF DISMAY TO HIS PARCHED LIPS...

T-THE PASSAGE IS ALMOST LIKE A K-KIND OF CHUTE? T-THERE'S AN UNDERGROUND POOL AT THE BOTTOM-A POOL OF MOLTEN LAVA!

WILL THEY PLUNGE TO THEIR DOOM? READ ON IN THE NEXT ISSUE—ON SALE SATURDAY, 5th APRIL!

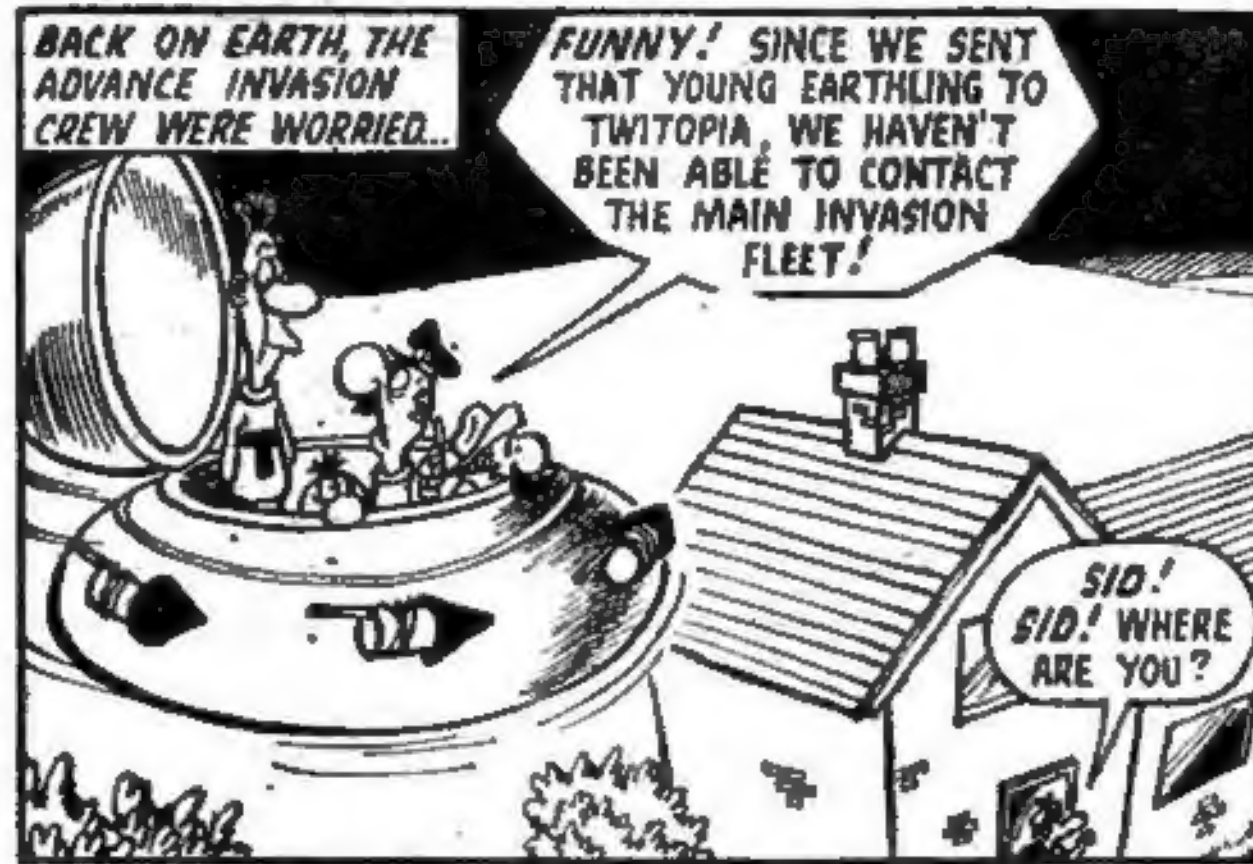
IF YOU WANT TO GET AHEAD... READ THIS SPOOKY SPECTACULAR!

RENT-A-GHOST Ltd.



SOMEONE HIRES A GHOST FRIAR IN THE NEXT EDITION... TO GIVE NOISY WORKMEN A ROASTING!

The TWITOPPIANS



Greetings, Gang!



A HEARTY welcome to the hundreds of lads and lasses who sent in the free joining form printed on Club Page last week! Congratulations, pals . . . you've all been enrolled as full members of the Club, so sit back and enjoy yourselves! There's a barrel full of fun and excitement on Club Page today, so away we go!

Your old pal, *Buster*

MY ADDRESS:

Buster's Birthday Club,
1-2 Bear Alley,
Farringdon Street,
London E.C.4. (Comp.)

BUSTER'S BIRTHDAY CLUB

PRIZES FOR DATE-SPOTTERS!

23rd FEBRUARY, 1957

9th APRIL, 1960

27th JULY, 1958

31st MARCH, 1962

3rd DECEMBER, 1961

17th OCTOBER, 1959

CALLING all members who sent in to join my Club before Monday, 24th March! These members can answer up for special awards from the Club store, providing their birth dates are printed above!

Is yours there—exact day, month and year of birth? If so, write it on a postcard with your full name and address and choice of prize from these: Model Vintage Car Kit, Pocket Knife, Writing Folder, Fountain Pen, Disguise Outfit.

Print "BIRTH DATE GAME" in the top, left corner of the address side and then post your card to reach the Club address by Thursday, 10th April—or if you live abroad, 28th August.

Only registered Club members who have not already had Birth Date Awards to claim, mind, and every correct reply wins a prize.



Send In Your Photos!

HOW would you like to see your photo printed on Club Page—just like the four lads below? It's easily done . . . and you get a special prize when your photo is picked, as well as the thrill of seeing yourself on Club Page! Here's all you have to do:

Find a clear, recent head-and-shoulders photograph of yourself, and on the back of it, print your full name, address and date of birth. Next, on a separate sheet of paper, list a few of your hobbies and interests. Finally post both items (PLUS a stamped, self-addressed envelope for return of your photo later) to the Club address.

It's as simple as that, Club members . . . so start searching for that photograph right away!

MORE AMBITIONS . . .

JUST listen to some of the wild and wacky entries in our "AMBITIONS" contest! Dean Malkin of Nuneaton, wants to become a professor . . . "So that I can manufacture an itching powder that will make everyone scratch!" Julian Swenson hopes to be an electrician . . . "I could then electrify the boss's chair and 'shock' him into giving me a rise!"

Debra Vint, of Hull writes: "When I grow up I hope that I can work in a bakery . . . so that I can make some 'dough'!"

Liverpool member, David Andrews, would like to open a Wax Museum, like Madame Tussaud's. "I would fill it," writes David, "with my favourite characters from BUSTER, such as Charlie Peace, Galaxus, Fishboy and Captain Swoop—and of course, BUSTER himself! I would then charge admission, and soon be rich!"

How about YOU—do you have an amusing or unusual ambition? If so write it on a postcard, with your full name, address and date of birth, print "AMBITIONS" at the top, and send it to the Club address.

There's a prize for every one that's printed, and remember it doesn't have to be your REAL ambition. In fact, the ODDER your ambition is, the better!

From you to me...

anything in fact, that you think might interest other members. You'll be rewarded if your letter appears on Club Page, so get cracking! You'll find the address above!

DO you wear your BUSTER Badge regularly? If not, you should—and Leslie Tickner, a Club member from Carlisle has a story to prove it! "My BUSTER badge has been very lucky for me," writes Leslie, "especially the time I was chosen to represent Upperby School in a Road Safety Competition."

"I wore my badge just for luck on the day of the competition, and our team did very well. In a few days we were told that we had won the semi-finals. When we entered the finals, I again wore my badge, since it had given me good luck in the semi-finals. We answered every question as well as we could, and we were then left sitting on the stage waiting for the judges. Suddenly, the announcement came: 'In first place . . . Upperby School!'"

"From then on, I decided that wherever I go, my BUSTER badge goes with me!"

WON any awards from the Club lately? Well, there's one way you can try . . . just write me a newsy letter about your holidays, unusual adventures,

KAREN Fretwell is another lucky Club member . . . but for a different reason—she lived in Cyprus for three years, and has written this letter to tell us all about it. "It was always so warm and sunny in Cyprus," she writes, "and each day I used to go down to the beach with my dad to watch him fish. He used to catch groupers and even sharks! I loved playing in the water, building sandcastles and sometimes catching crabs."

"One day, dad brought some baby sharks home, and one of them was still alive. When mummy put it in the water to clean the sand off, it snapped at her hand. Fortunately it missed!"

"We also kept two cats named Bill and Tinker. There are quite a few crawling insects in Cyprus, but there were never any in our house—Bill and Tinker made very certain of that!"

INTRODUCING FOUR BUSTER CLUB MEMBERS

Say hello to Stephen Jones, of Haydock. He likes making model airplanes in his spare time.



This is John Jellicoe, from Shrewsbury. John enjoys growing many kinds of tropical cacti.



Lindsey Currie hails from Stourmarket, and spends his spare time bird-watching.

Chatteris member, Adrian Parsons collects postcards—and has one that is over 60 years old!



FREE 33 BRITISH COMMONWEALTH QUEEN STAMPS (A few of which are shown here)

Send a 4d. stamp for postage and ask to see our famous PICTORIAL DISCOUNT APPROVALS.

Approvals are not sent outside the British Isles but this offer can be had for 3/- to those not wanting our approvals.



(Please tell your parents you are applying)

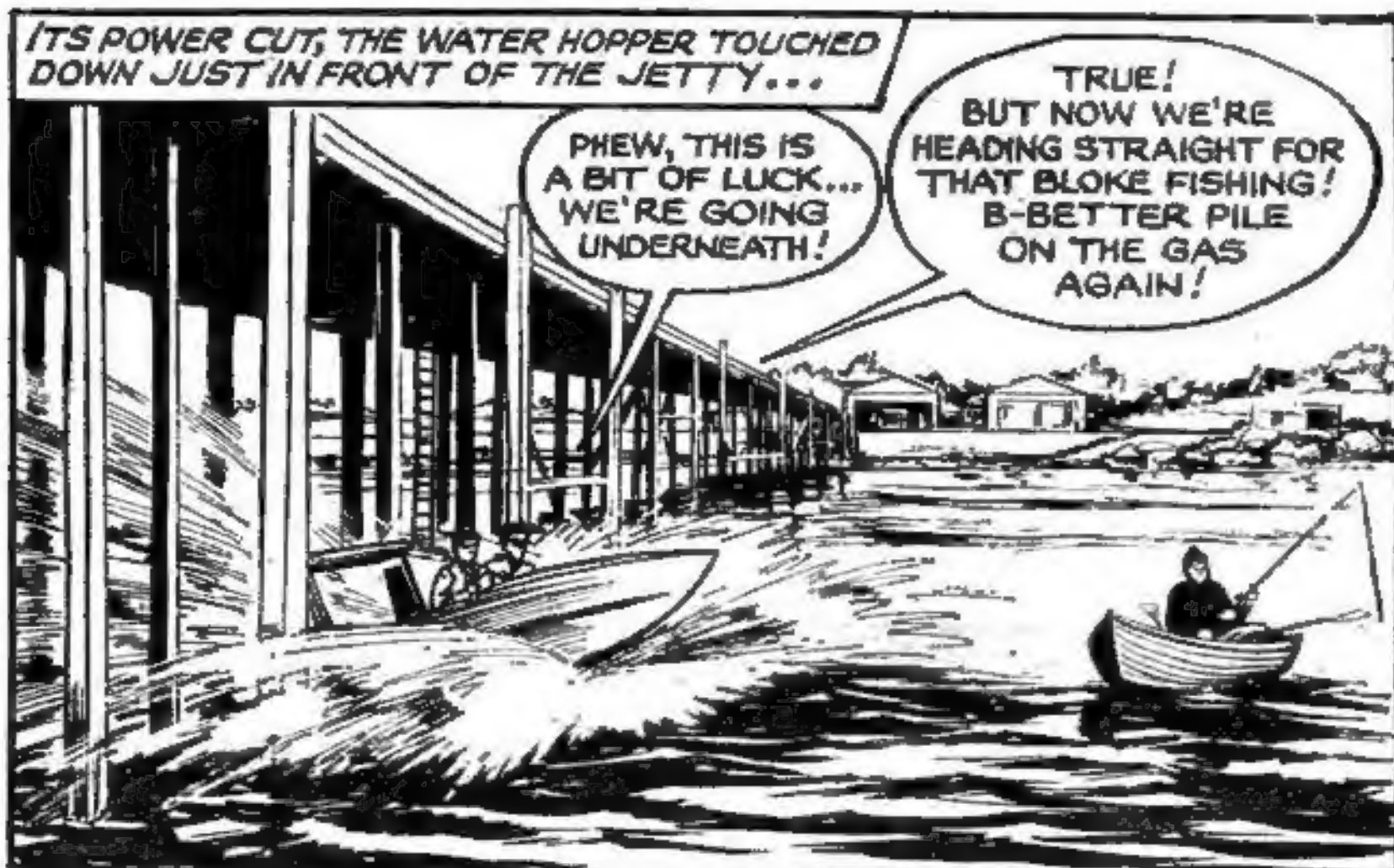
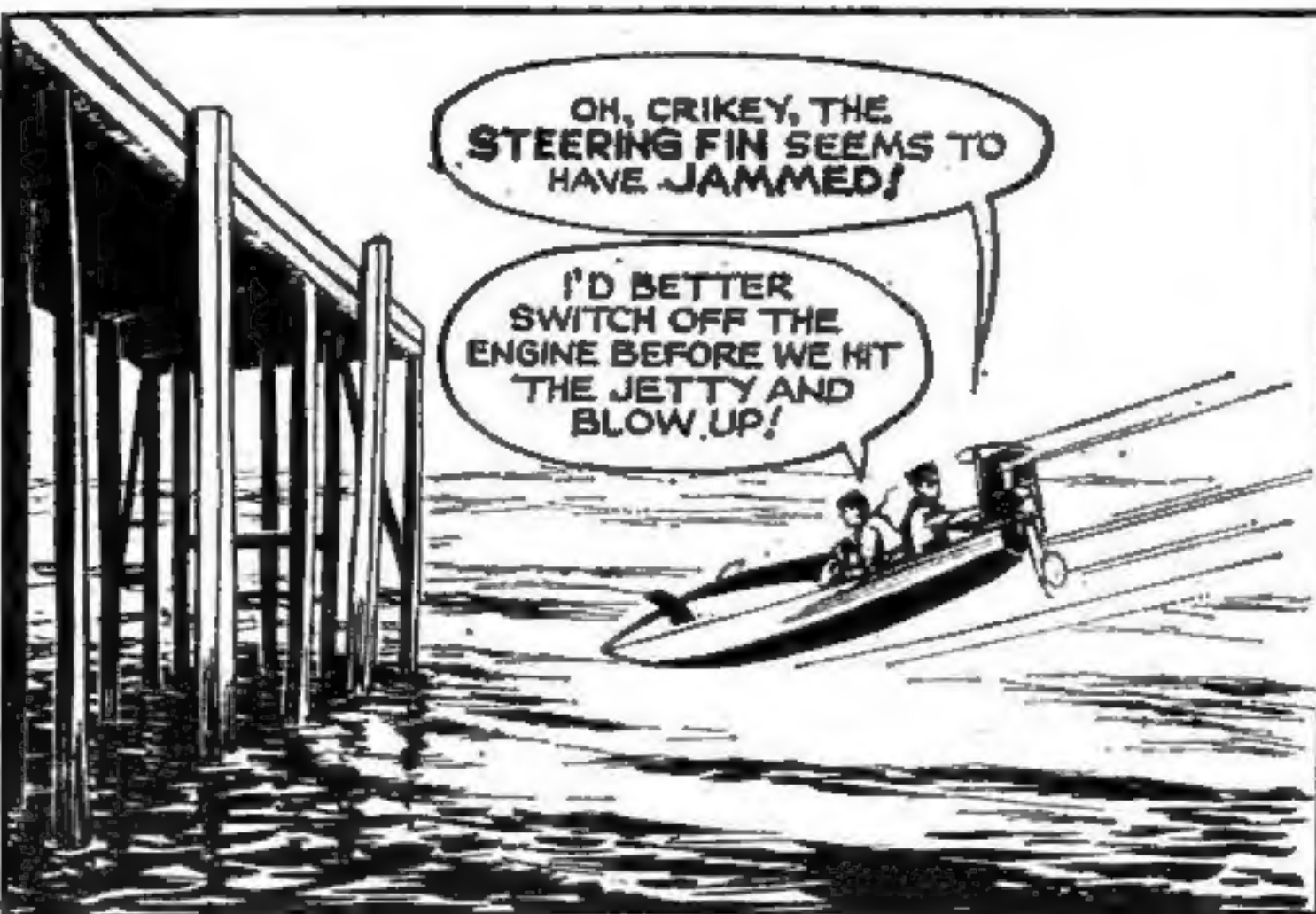
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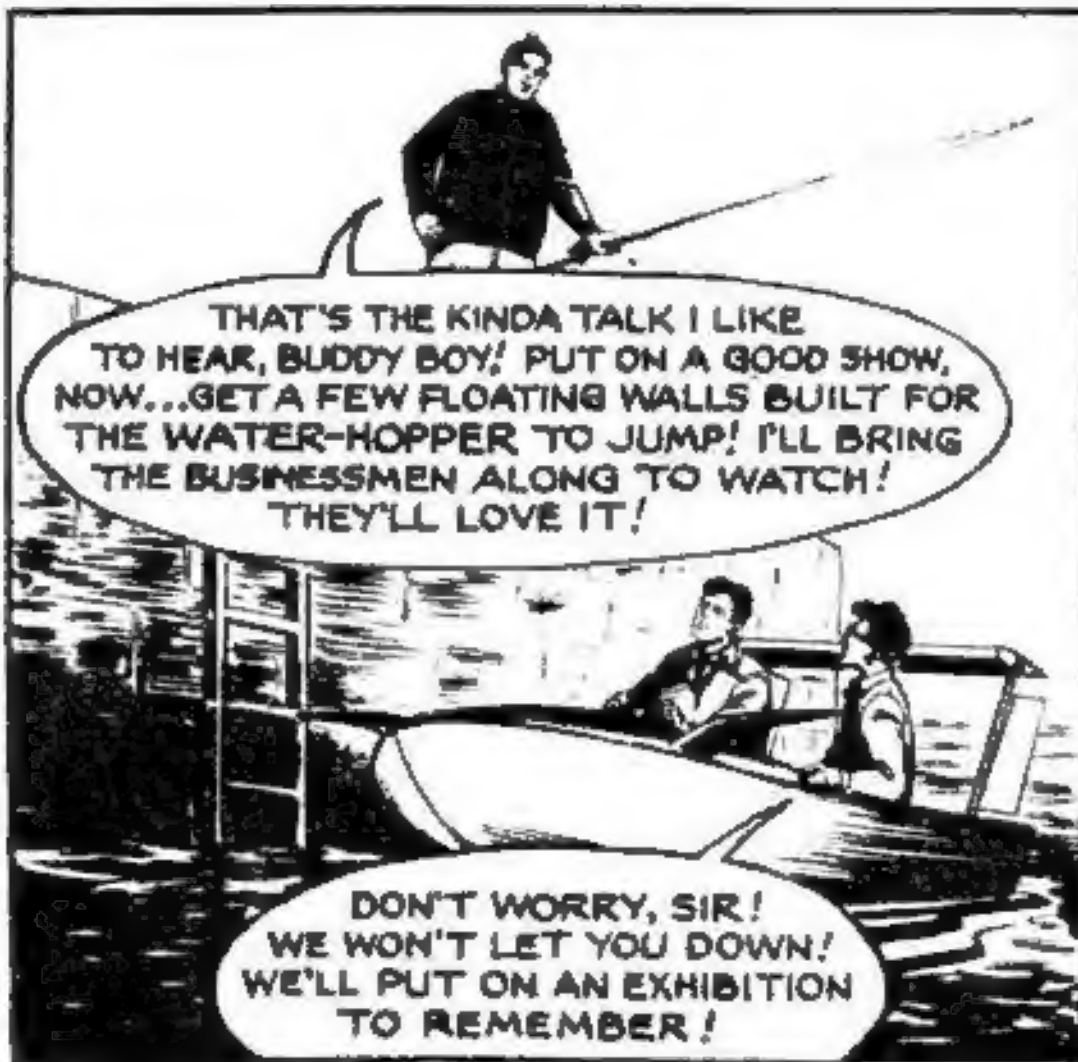


The STORY



Simon Starr and "Brainbox" Cox were spending an early holiday on the coast. Brainbox invented a "water-hopper" — a motorboat that could fly out of the water. But out on the first run, the pals encountered trouble . . .





THAT'S THE KINDA TALK I LIKE TO HEAR, BUDDY BOY! PUT ON A GOOD SHOW, NOW...GET A FEW FLOATING WALLS BUILT FOR THE WATER-HOPPER TO JUMP! I'LL BRING THE BUSINESSMEN ALONG TO WATCH! THEY'LL LOVE IT!

DON'T WORRY, SIR! WE WON'T LET YOU DOWN! WE'LL PUT ON AN EXHIBITION TO REMEMBER!

SO THE SKID KIDS SET TO WORK, AND SOON...

AH, YOU'RE DOING FINE, BOYS! THIS IS WHERE WE SIT FOR A GOOD VIEW OF THE ACTION, EH?

DEMONSTRATION OF THE WATER HOPPER
THRILL TO THE FIRST JUMPING BOAT IN THE WORLD - FREE SHOW - ALL WELCOME.

THAT'S IT, SIR...MAKE YOURSELVES COMFORTABLE!

AS SOON AS THE WATER FENCES WERE ERECTED, THE SHOW BEGAN...

THERE THEY GO! JUST WATCH THIS, FOLKS! IT'S GREAT FUN... THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE WILL WANT TO TRY IT!

STAND BY FOR THE FIRST JUMP!



AT FIRST, ALL WENT WELL...

OVER NUMBER ONE! EASY!

IF WE GET A MASS ORDER FOR THESE BOATS...WE'LL MAKE A FORTUNE!



BUT AS THE "WATER-HOPPER" APPROACHED THE SECOND OBSTACLE...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, SIMON? WHY ARE YOU SLOWING UP?

I'M NOT... PURPOSELY! WE'RE LOSING POWER! THERE MUST BE SEA-WEED TANGLED AROUND THE PROPELLER OR SOMETHING!



SECONDS LATER - COLLISION!

OUCH! THAT'S TORN IT!

I-I FEAR OUR DEMONSTRATION IS A FAILURE!



WORSE WAS TO FOLLOW...

WE CAN'T WATER-HOP ANY MORE...THE AEROFOIL'S BROKEN!

STEERING'S OUT, TOO! THE RUDDER'S JAMMED! AND THE POWER'S COME BACK, BUT WE CAN'T STOP!



ON THE BEACH...

GET ALL YOUR WEIGHT OVER TO THIS SIDE, BRAINBOX...IT MAY HELP TO TURN HER!

EEEEEEK! T-THAT BOAT! IT'S OUT OF CONTROL!

HEY... WHAT'S THIS? THEY'RE COMING STRAIGHT FOR US!



SIMON'S IDEA WORKED... BUT AT A PRICE!

I--I'M SATURATED!

OOHHHHH!

URRRGHHHH!



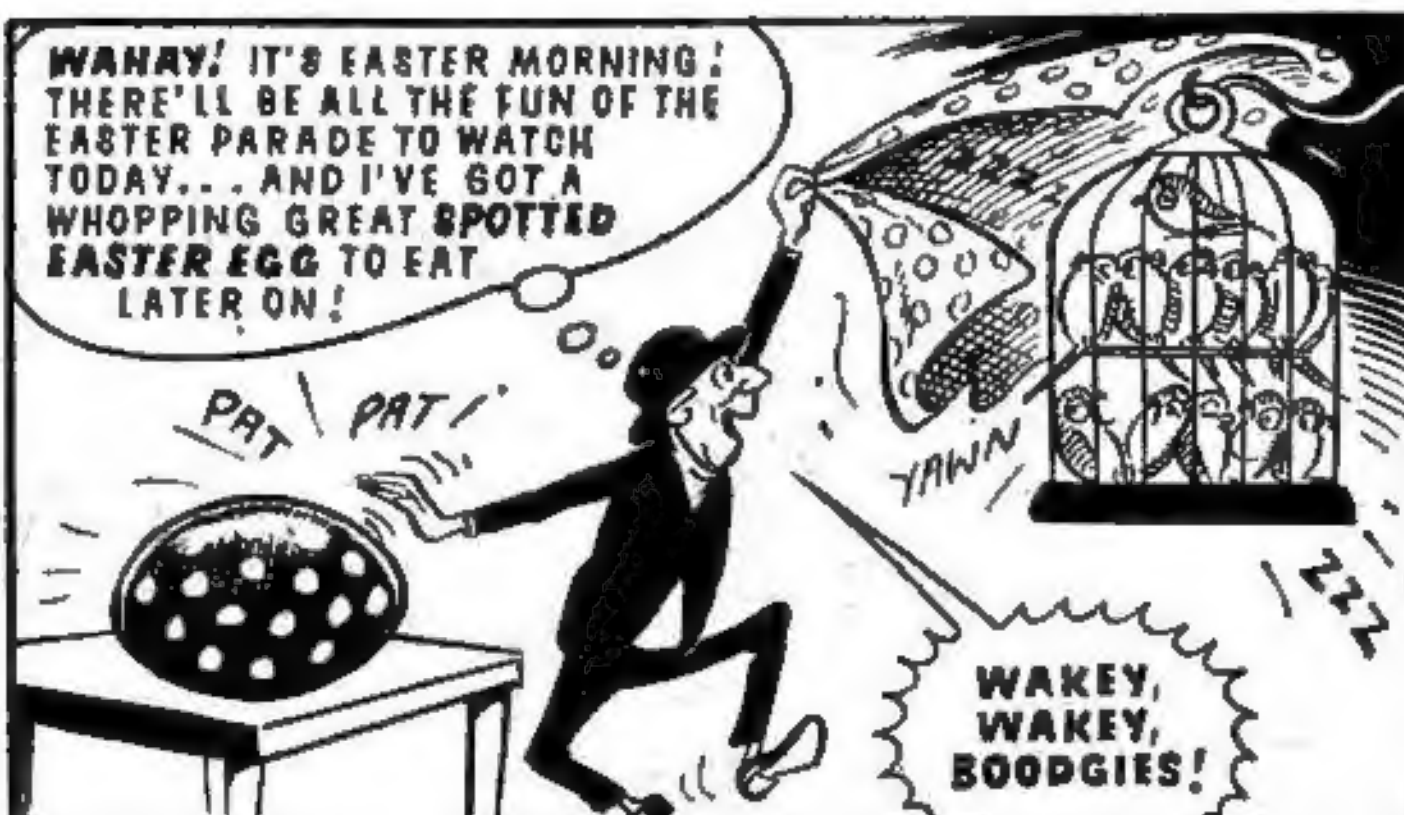
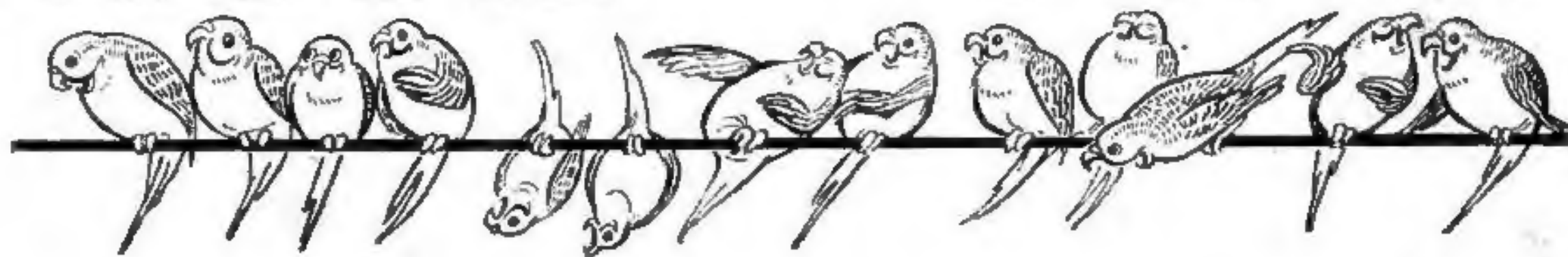
YOU- YOU DID THAT ON PURPOSE! W-WE'LL SUE YOU IN COURT!

OH, DEAR... I FEAR WE'RE TO BE "JUDGED" SIMON - NOT THE BOAT!

WILL THE ONLOOKERS CARRY OUT THEIR THREATS? DON'T MISS THE NEXT ALL-ACTION EPISODE!

THE BUDGIES CAP EVERYTHING TODAY WITH A CUTE HAT-TRICK!

FREDDIE "Parrot-face" DAVIES



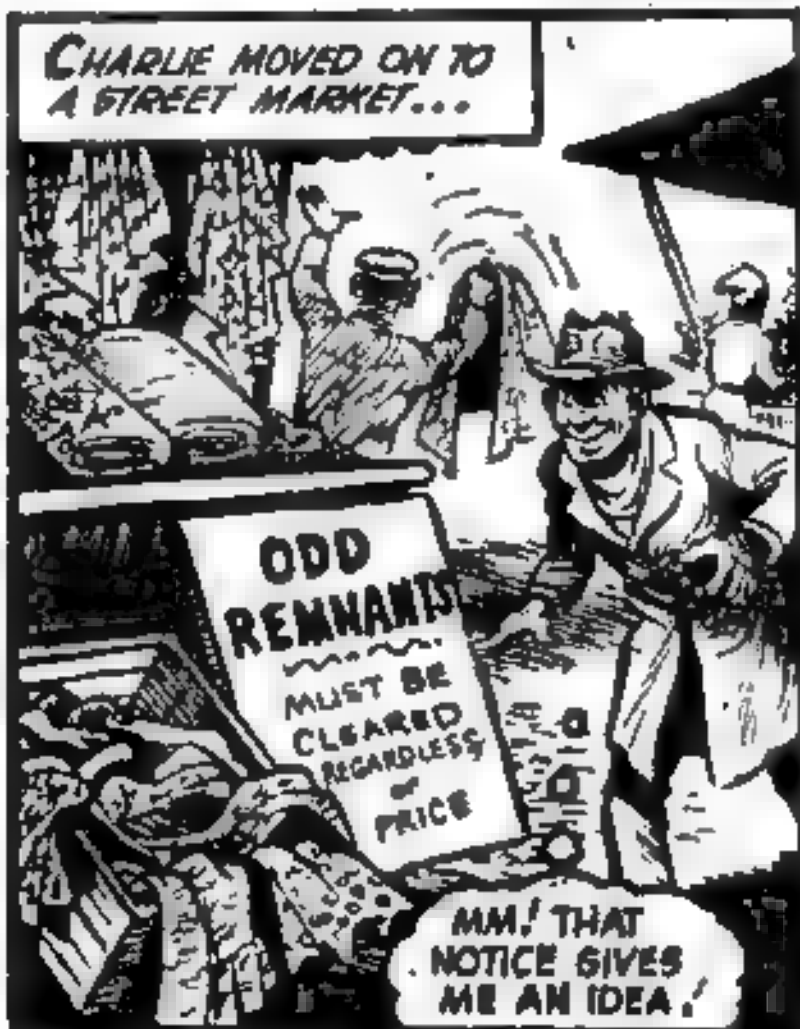
FREDDIE AND HIS FEATHERED FRIENDS RETURN IN THE NEXT ISSUE... ON SALE SATURDAY, 5th APRIL!

CRAFTY CHARLIE MEANT TO CAPITALISE ON THE EASTER BONNET BUSINESS!

The ASTOUNDING ADVENTURES of *Charlie Peace*



Arch-rogue Charlie Peace had been transported from Victorian London to the modern city of today. Many things had changed, but Easter celebrations reminded him of the old days—until he saw how commercial concerns were now cashing-in on the occasion...



SLICK SALESMAN PEACE HADN'T BARGAINED ON TROUBLE!

BACK IN HIS CELLAR HIDE-OUT, THE CRAFTY CROOK WAS BUSY FOR THE REST OF THE MORNING...

IF WOMEN WANT CRAZY HATS, THEY'RE GOIN' TO GET EXCLUSIVE STYLES FROM "MONSEWER" CHARLIE PEACE!

THE NEXT PROBLEM WAS WHERE TO SET UP "BUSINESS"...

GOOD-O! THEY'RE STARTIN' UP THE FAIR ON THE COMMON... THOSE TRESTLES AN' THAT BOARD WILL DO ME A TREAT!

PEOPLE SOON STARTED PASSING ON THEIR WAY TO THE FAIR...

ALL HATS AT BARGAIN PRICES, LADIES! TEN BOB TO TWO QUID! ROLL UP!

GET YOUR EASTER HATS HERE

OOH! I MUST TRY SOME OF THOSE ON!

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE GREENHOUSE...

YAAARGH! HALF MY LOVELY BLOSSOMS GONE! WHAT SCOUNDREL...?

PAH! IF ONLY I COULD LAY MY HANDS ON THE THIEVING RASCAL... I'D RECOGNISE THAT SPRAY-SMELL, ONCE I CAUGHT A WHIFF...

TO THE FAIR

DON'T FORGET YOU PROMISED TO TAKE ME TO THE FAIR, GRANDPA! I'M READY TO GO!

AT THAT TIME, THE MASTER-CROOK WAS DOING WELL WITH HIS "BARGAINS"...

THOSE FLOWERS LOOK ALMOST REAL!

NOW THEN, LADIES! WHO WANTS THE LAST SIX SMASHIN' STYLES?

THEY ARE REAL! BUT WHAT A FUNNY SMELL THERE IS TO THEM!

DON'T LOOK NOW, SUSY, BUT YOUR FLOWERS ARE DROOPING!

WITHERING FLOWERS, BITS OF CLOTH... AND SOGGY GLUE!

THAT DAFT THING WON'T LAST A DAY! YOU'VE BEEN TRICKED!

OOER! I RECKON IT'S TIME TO CLOSE SHOP!

ROGUE! AFTER HIM!

HAR! THAT TANGY SCENT OF THE FLY-SPRAY... IT'S HERE SOMEWHERE! STAY HERE, CHILD, WHILE I TRACK DOWN THE RASCAL!

NEXT MOMENT, CHARLIE WAS PARTED FROM HIS PROFITS...

UUH!

THUNK!

COO! LOOK AT THIS MONEY, GRANDPA!



THE ARCH-ROBIE GROWLED AND RACED ONWARDS...

AH! HERE'S OUR CASH, FOLKS!

MY GRANDPA WILL CATCH HIM! HE STOLE OUR FLOWERS!

I'LL DODGE BACK TOWARDS THE FAIR AND FIND A HIDING-PLACE!



A PILE OF HAY PROVED USEFUL...

NO SIGN OF HIM! BETTER GIVE IT UP, I SUPPOSE!



LOOK! THOSE PEOPLE BOUGHT YOUR FLOWERS...I TOLD THEM THEY WOULD SOON REVIVE IN WATER!

WHY, THAT'S FINE! SO I SUPPOSE EVERYBODY IS SATISFIED NOW!



I AIN'T! ALL ME WORK, AND NOT A PENNY TO SHOW FOR IT! DON'T MENTION EASTER BONNETS TO ME!



SUDDENLY...

HEE HAW!

WHAAAT? ARE YOU TRYING TO TAKE THE MICKEY?



YOU LIKE A DOBBIN'S HAT, MEESTER? IT KEEPS OFF THE FLIES! OL' DOBBIN, HE PULL-A MY FIRST CARAVAN!

I THOUGHT YOU FAIR-BLOKES 'AD POSH MOTOR-CARAVANS THESE DAYS?



OH, YES! I AM RICH NOW, AND OWN ZE LUXURY CARAVAN! DOBBIN AND ME, WE HAVE RETIRED! I NEVER PART WITH HEEM! HE HAVE ALL HE WANT...



SOME NEWCOMERS TO THE FAIR OVERHEARD...

MY OLD HORSE, I BUY HIM THE BEST OF EVERYTHING TO EAT... I DO NOT CARE WHAT IT COSTS ME!

DID YOU HEAR THAT, DEAR?



THE WEALTHY OLD GIPSY WAS WALKING OFF AS THE COUPLE CAME IN SIGHT, SO THEY IMMEDIATELY THOUGHT CHARLIE WAS DOBBIN'S OWNER...

SUCH DEVOTION TO A FAITHFUL OLD FRIEND!

PERHAPS THIS WILL HELP YOU...NO, PLEASE DON'T REFUSE!

REFUSE A FIVER? I WOULDN'T DREAM OF 'URTING YOUR FEELINGS, GUV'NOR!



WELL, ALL'S FAIR AT EASTER! DOBBIN'S GOT ALL THE GRUB 'E WANTS, AND I WON'T GO HUNGRY NOW! NO, THERE AIN'T NO FLIES ON CHARLIE! HUR, HUR!

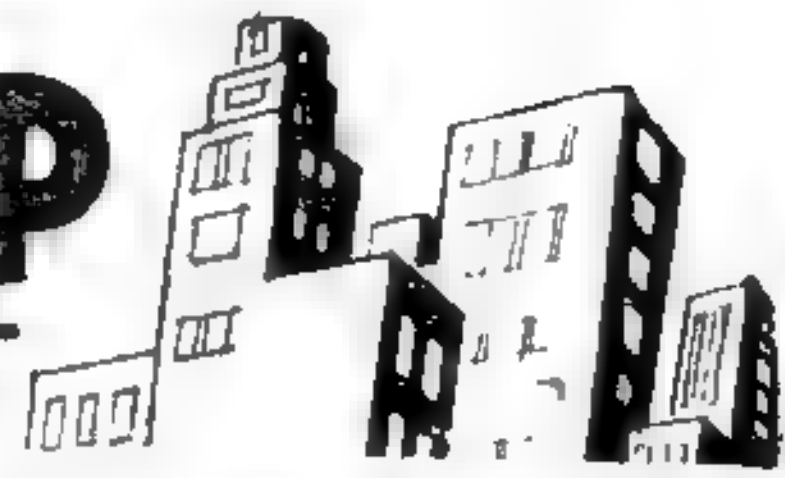
JOIN THE AGE-OLD MASTER-CROOK FOR ANOTHER MEMORABLE ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT EDITION!

LIFE CERTAINLY HAS ITS UPS AND DOWNS FOR OUR FLYING CRIME-FIGHTER!



CAPTAIN SWOOP

HE'S HALF MAN, HALF BIRD, HALF WIT



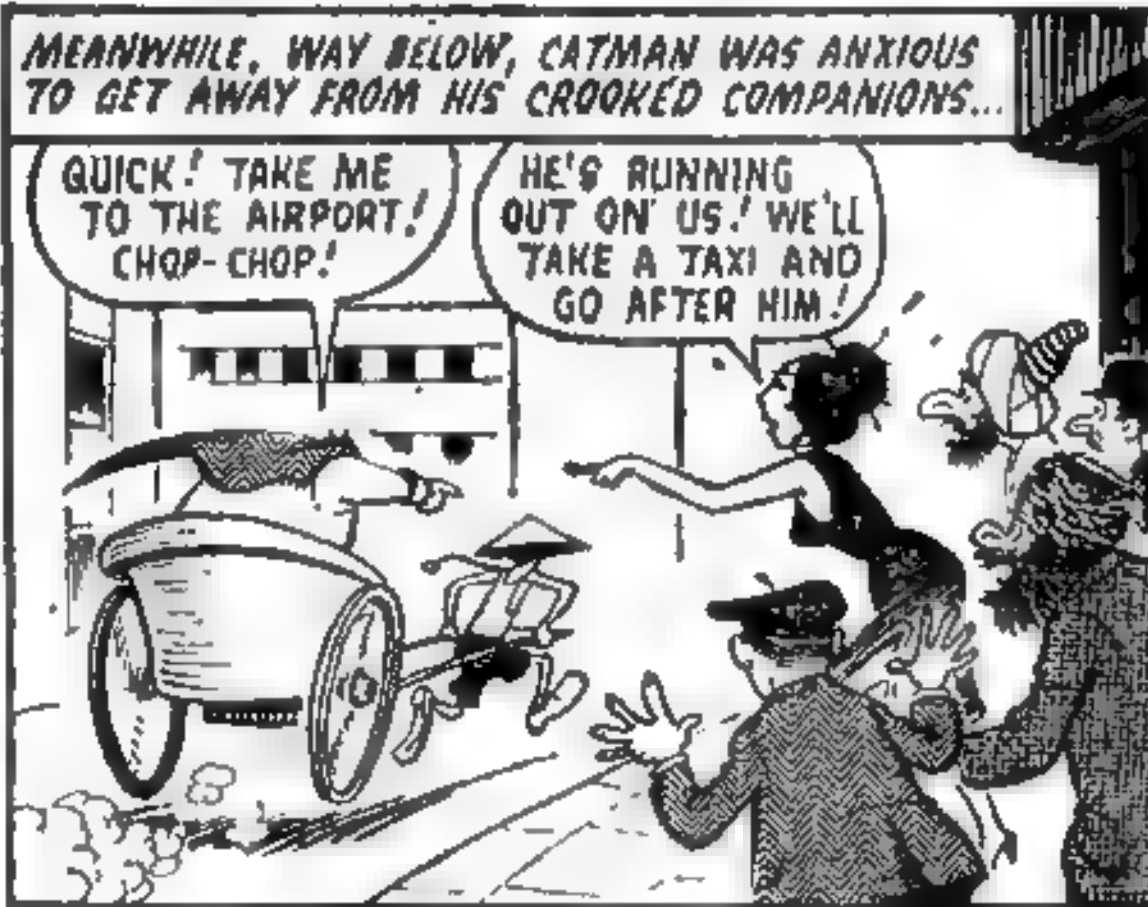
HIGH OVER HONG KONG SWOOPED OUR HERO CAPTAIN SWOOP. HE HAD BEEN SENT SOARING AFTER A BAGFUL OF BOMBS EXPLODED...



MEANWHILE, WAY BELOW, CATMAN WAS ANXIOUS TO GET AWAY FROM HIS CROOKED COMPANIONS...

QUICK! TAKE ME TO THE AIRPORT! CHOP-CHOP!

HE'S RUNNING OUT ON US! WE'LL TAKE A TAXI AND GO AFTER HIM!

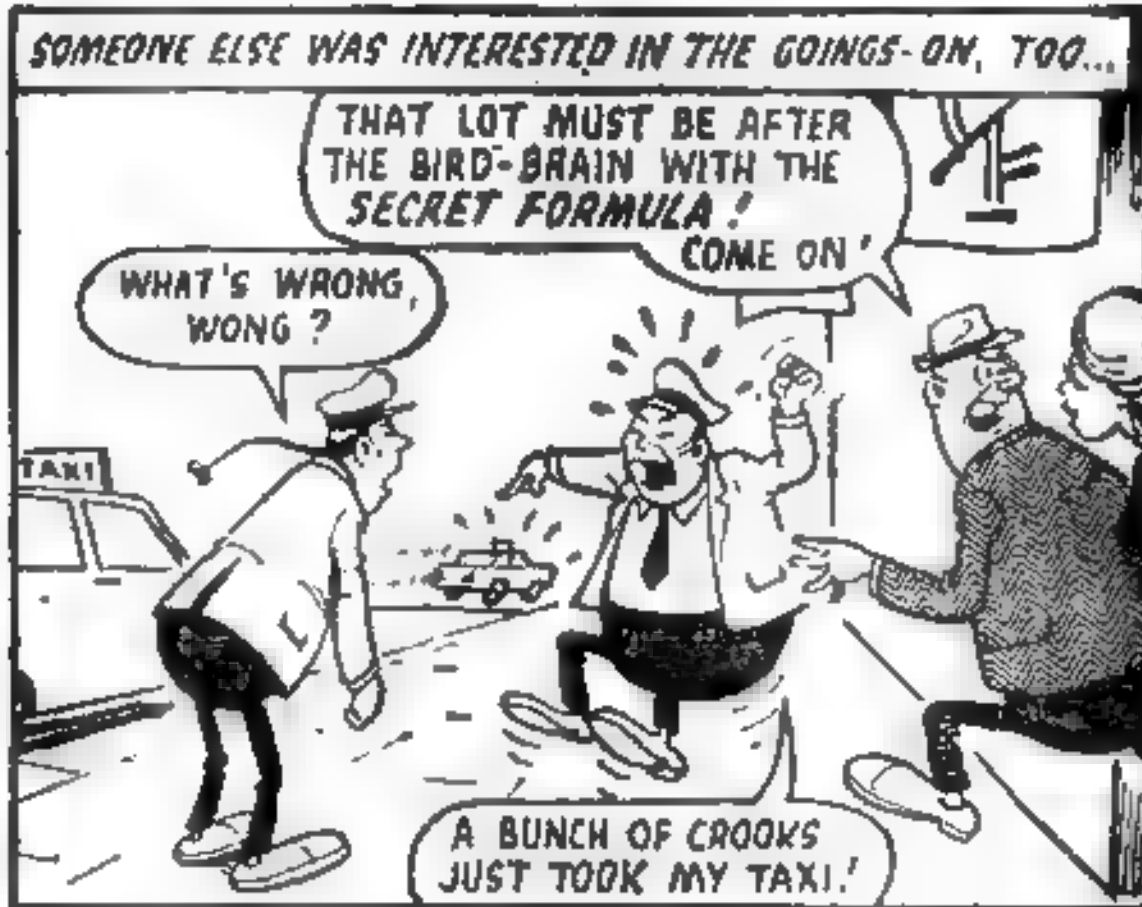


SOMEONE ELSE WAS INTERESTED IN THE GOINGS-ON, TOO...

THAT LOT MUST BE AFTER THE BIRD-BRAIN WITH THE SECRET FORMULA! COME ON!

WHAT'S WRONG, WONG?

A BUNCH OF CROOKS JUST TOOK MY TAXI!



EEE! TWO MORE CROOKS HAVE TAKEN MY TAXI, LIKEWISE!



BY THIS TIME, SWOOP HAD STARTED TO HEAD FOR THE AIRPORT HIMSELF...



CATMAN ARRIVED FIRST...

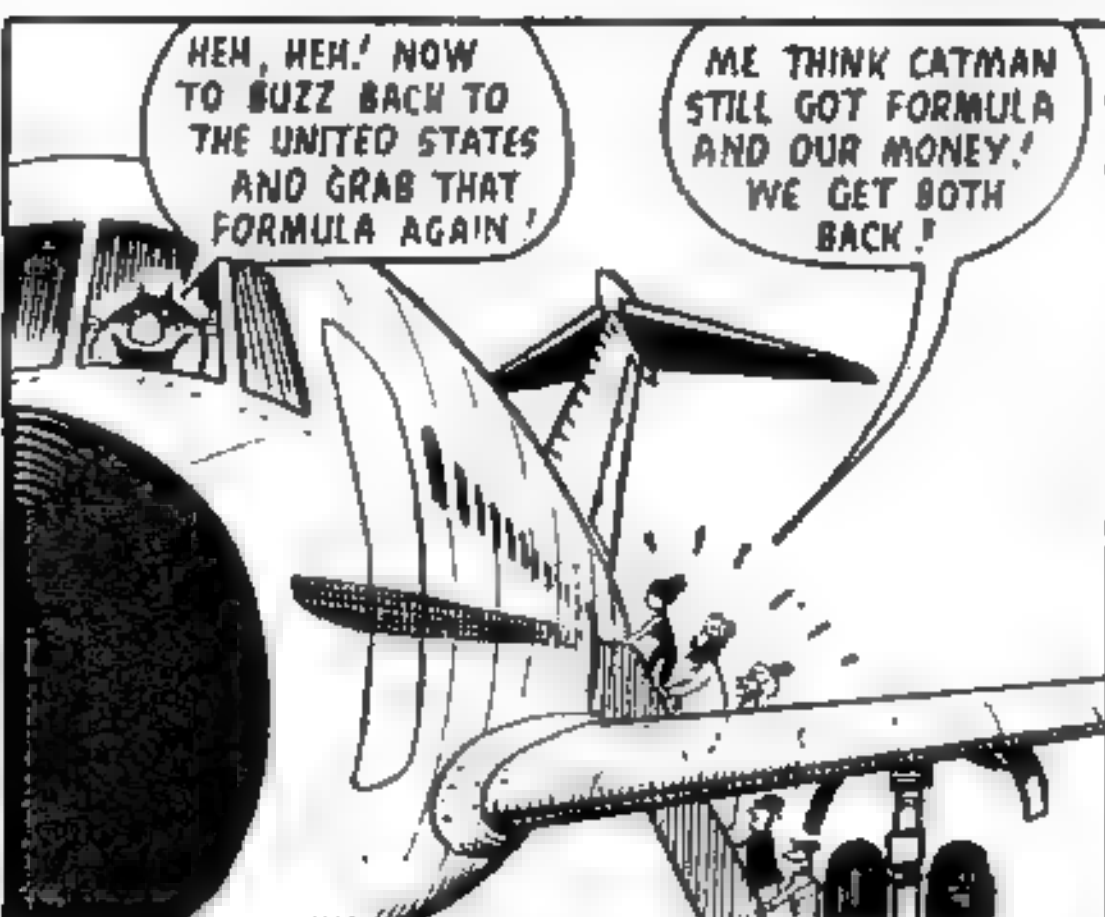
HAVE YOU BOOKED A SEAT ON THIS PLANE, SIR?

NO! BUT I'M STILL TAKING IT!

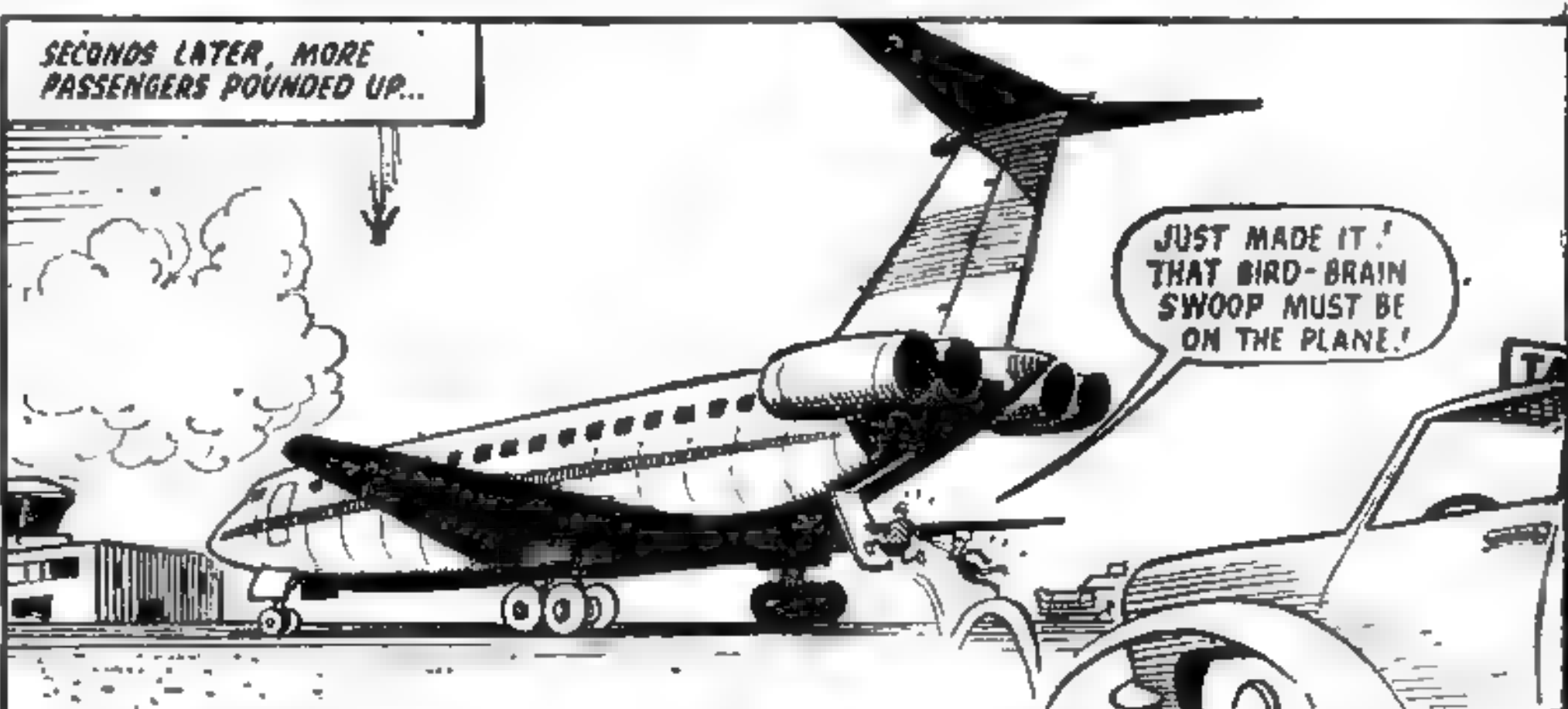


HEH, HEH! NOW TO BUZZ BACK TO THE UNITED STATES AND GRAB THAT FORMULA AGAIN!

ME THINK CATMAN STILL GOT FORMULA AND OUR MONEY! WE GET BOTH BACK!

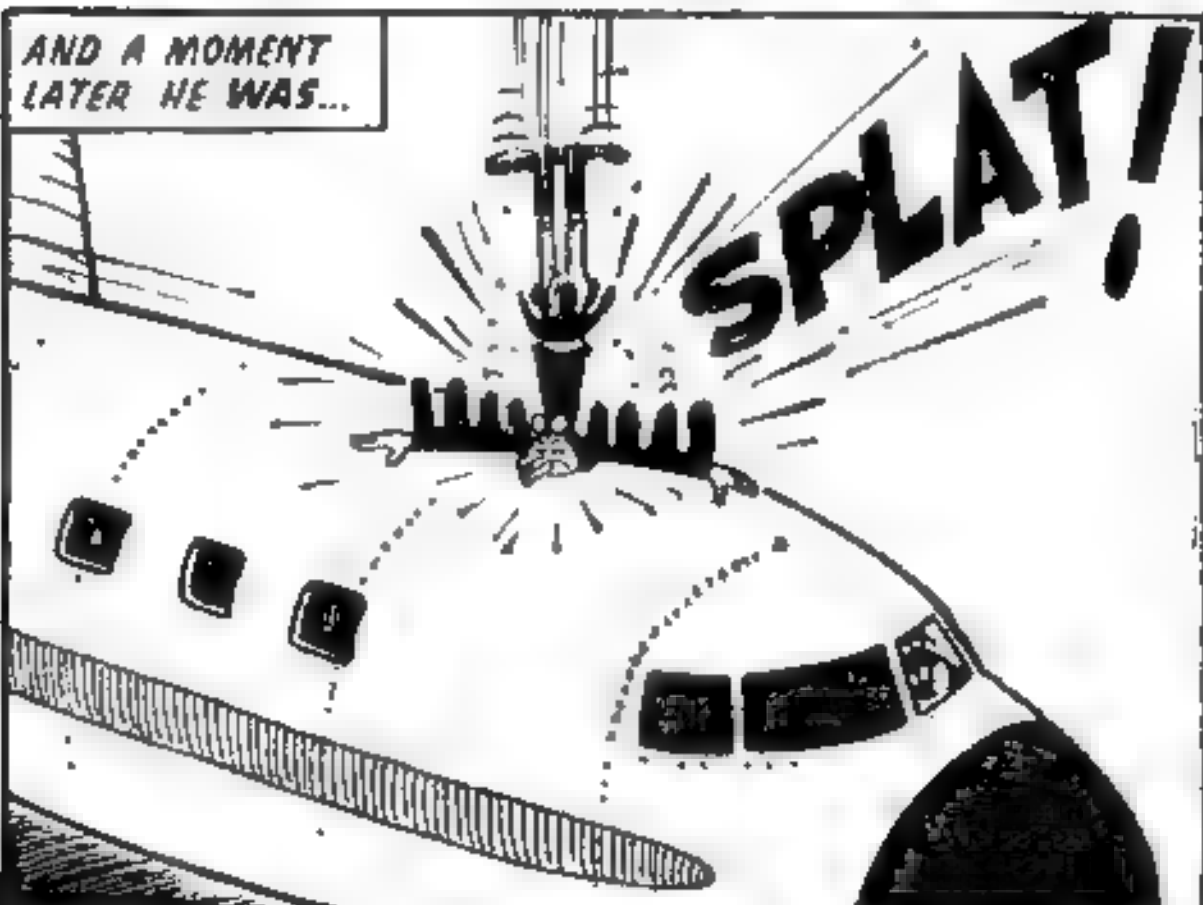


SECONDS LATER, MORE PASSENGERS POUNDED UP...



JUST MADE IT! THAT BIRD-BRAIN SWOOP MUST BE ON THE PLANE!

AND A MOMENT LATER HE WAS...



SPLAT!

AND THERE HE RESTED FOR THE REST OF THE JOURNEY...



BUT IT WASN'T UNTIL THE PLANE LANDED IN AMERICA THAT OUR HERO REALLY DROPPED OFF...



THERE GOES CATMAN! AFTER HIM!

SO THE CHASE GOES ON! WILL OUR HERO JOIN IN? SEE SATURDAY'S "BUSTER and GIGGLE"!

Now in one great paper!

All these favourite characters
from **TIGER** and **JAG**



Plus Football Family Robinson, Black Patch the Wonder Horse, Nosey and three pages of star soccer in full colour in **ONE** sensational picture-story weekly. It is the new, combined...



FIRST COMBINED ISSUE OUT TODAY! PACKED WITH THRILLS AND EXCITEMENT TODAY AND EVERY MONDAY 7d.

ARROWING THROUGH THE OCEAN DEPTHS, FISHBOY HEADED FOR A DISTANT LAND!

FISHBOY

Denizen of the Deep

Stranded on a desert island as a child and forced to get his food from the sea, Fishboy developed slightly webbed hands and feet and learned to breathe under water as easily as a fish. After discovering that his parents might still be alive and living in London he set off to find them. But Fishboy was told that their names were John Lawrence and his wife Helen, two geologists now believed to be working in Canada. The youngster from the deep was determined not to give up . . . and soon reached the open sea again . . .



AFTER A REST ON THE OCEAN BED, THE YOUNGSTER AWOKE FEELING MUCH MORE RELAXED...

MMMM...
IS GOOD!
BREAKFAST OF
SEAWEED STALKS
AND PLANT JUICE
GIVE FISHBOY
MUCH STRENGTH!



THE NEED
FOR STRENGTH
IS GREAT — MUST
SWIM THOUSANDS
OF MILES TO
FARAWAY PLACE
CALLED CAN-ADA!



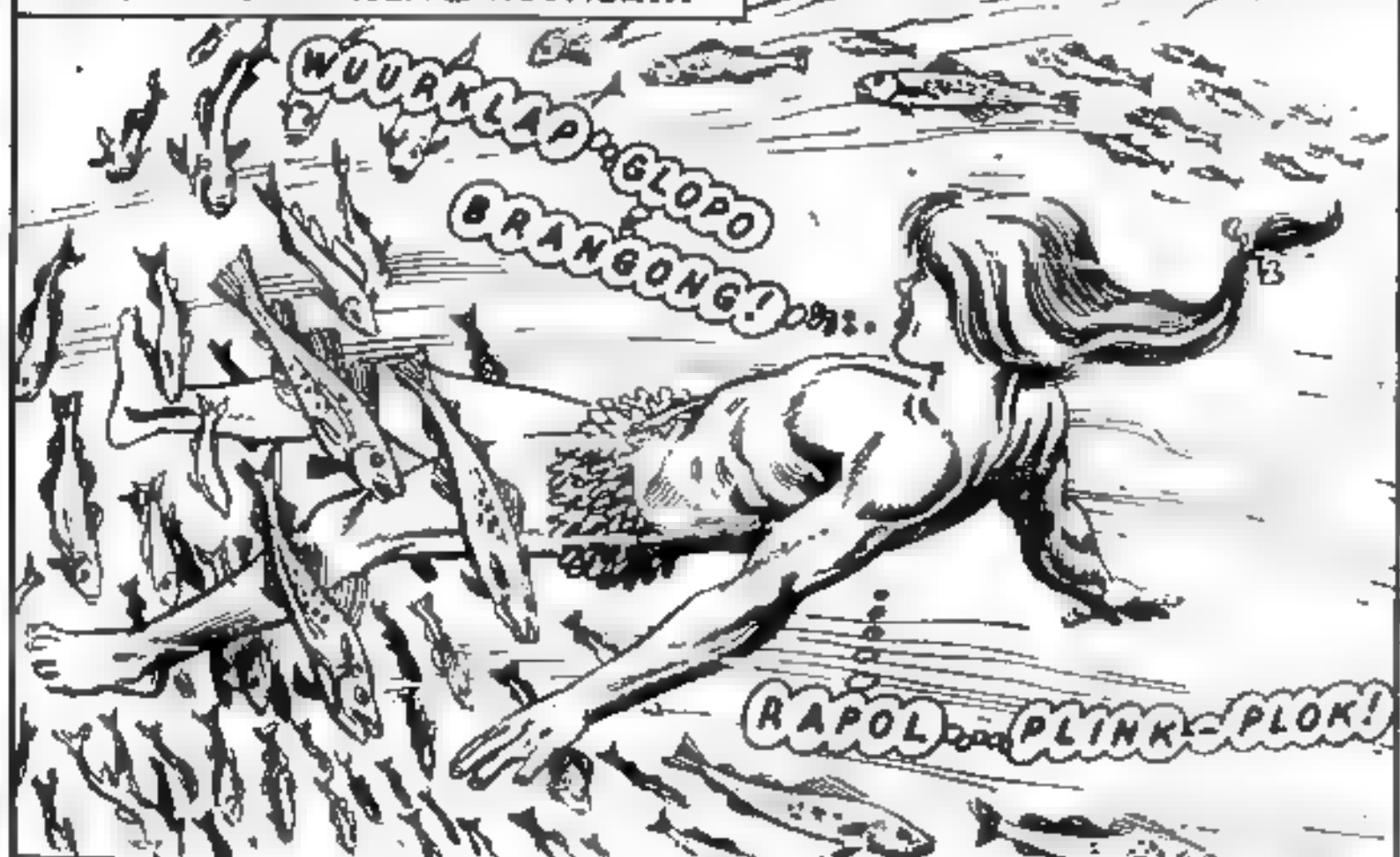
AND SO HE SET OFF...TRAVELLING FOR THREE DAYS AND THREE NIGHTS THROUGH THE BLEAK, HEAVING WATERS OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC. AT DAYBREAK ON THE FOURTH DAY...



PLINKLE
PLURGE
PLOK!

FISHBOY SEE
FRIENDS — A SHOAL OF
SPECKLE-SIDED WHITE-
FLESHED ONES!

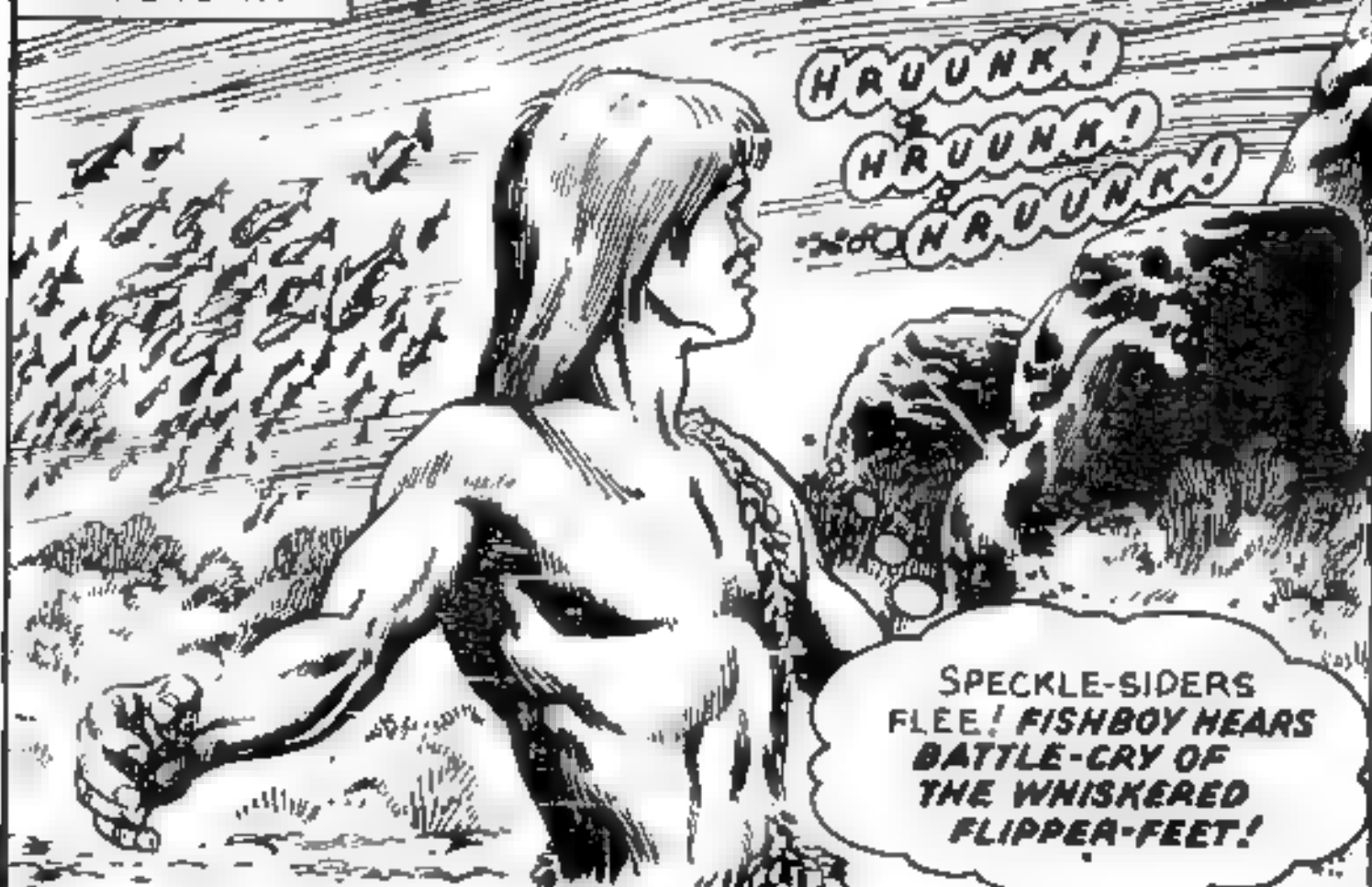
GAILY, THE YOUNGSTER BEGAN TO SPEAK TO THE BABY COD IN HIS STRANGE, GURLING UNDERSEA LANGUAGE...



WUORLAD-GLOPO
BRANGONG!

RAPOL-PLINK-PLOK!

FOR OVER AN HOUR, FISHBOY PLAYED HAPPILY. THEN SUDDENLY...



HROUNK!
HROUNK!
HROUNK!

SPECKLE-SIDERS
FLEE! FISHBOY HEARS
BATTLE-CRY OF
THE WHISKERED
FLIPPER-FEET!

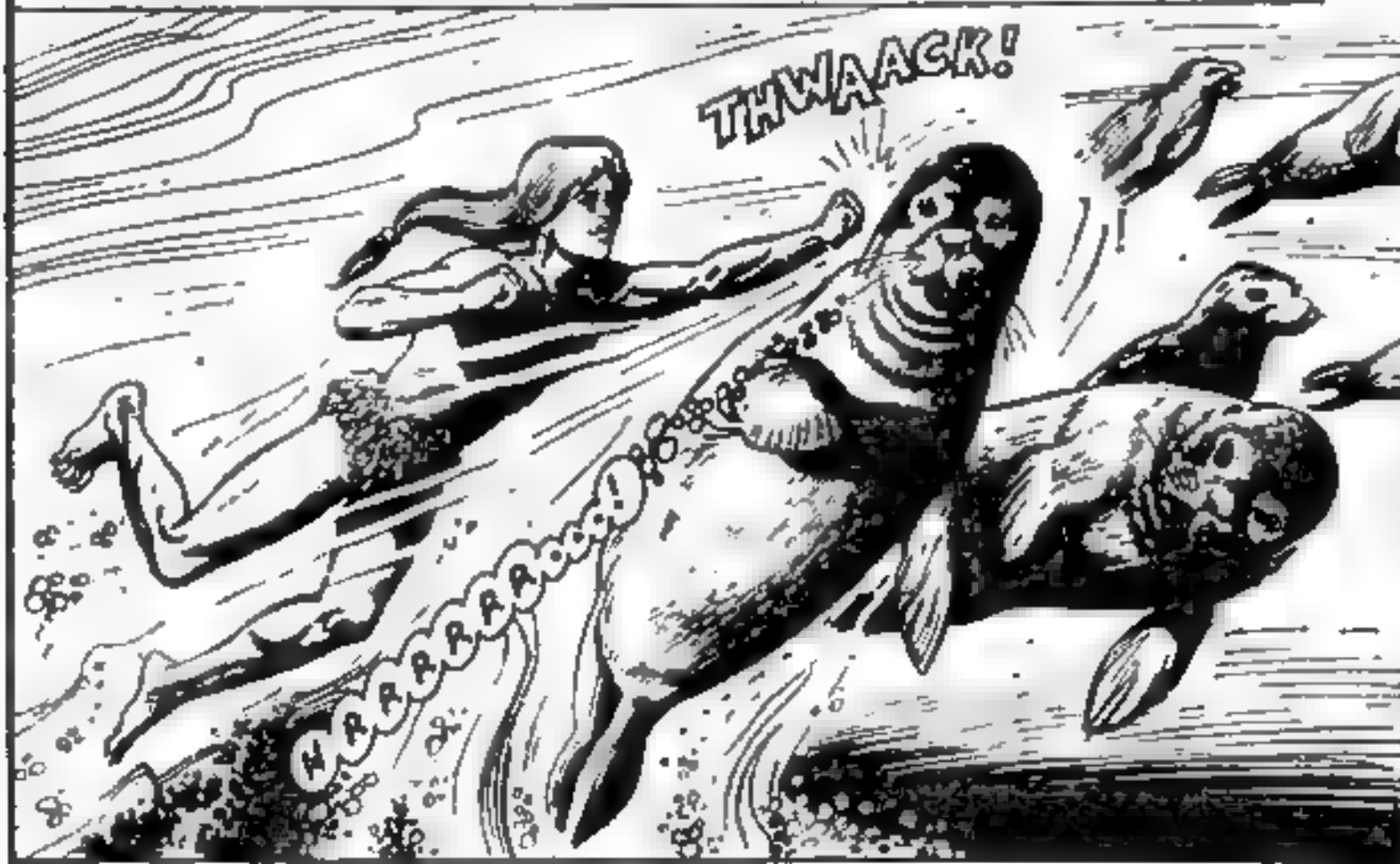
SURE ENOUGH, A GROUP OF HUNGRY ATLANTIC SEALS SWARMED OUT FROM BEHIND SOME ROCKS...



FLIPPER-
FEET WANT FOOD!
THEY WILL ATTACK
SHOAL OF BABY FISH-
FRIENDS!

PRRRR-AGUG! PRRRR-AGUG!

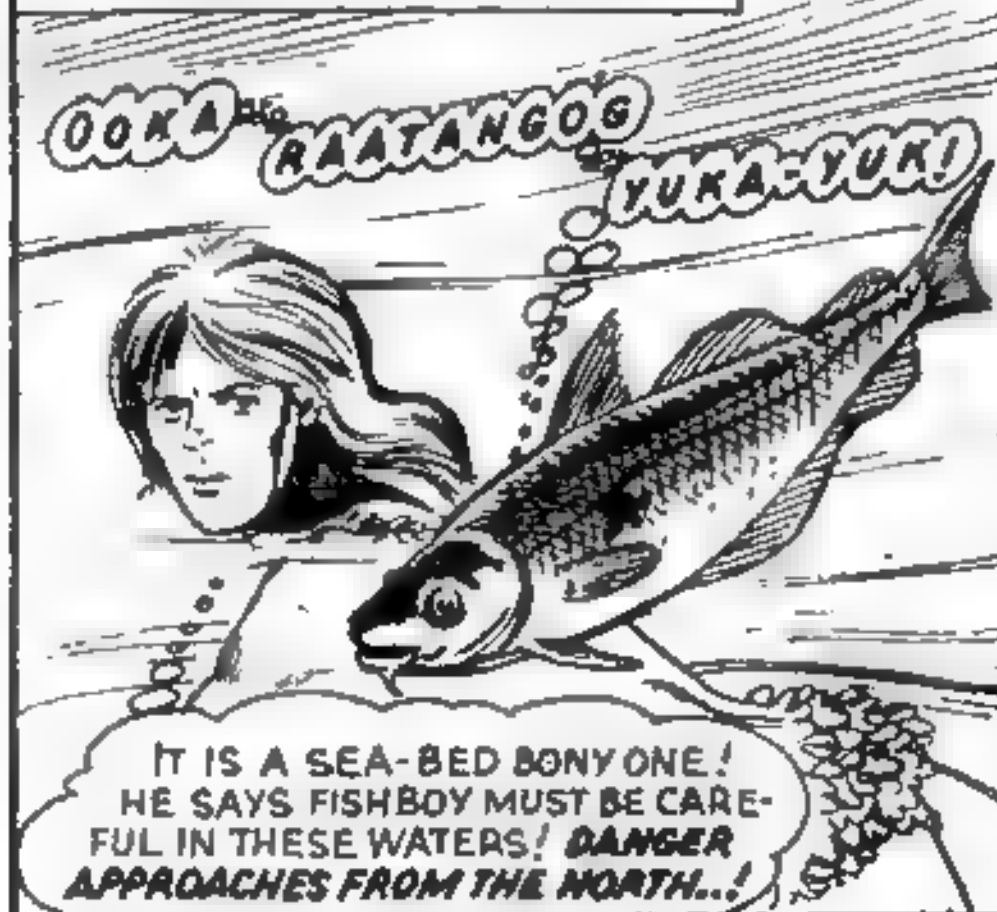
ANXIOUS TO HELP THE BABY COD, FISHBOY CLOSED IN ON THE SEAL LEADER — AND SWUNG A WELL-AIMED BLOW...



AS THE ANIMAL ROLLED SIDeways, FISHBOY HEAVED HIMSELF ON TO ITS BACK, AND BEGAN TUGGING AT THE SEAL'S LENGTHY WHISKERS...



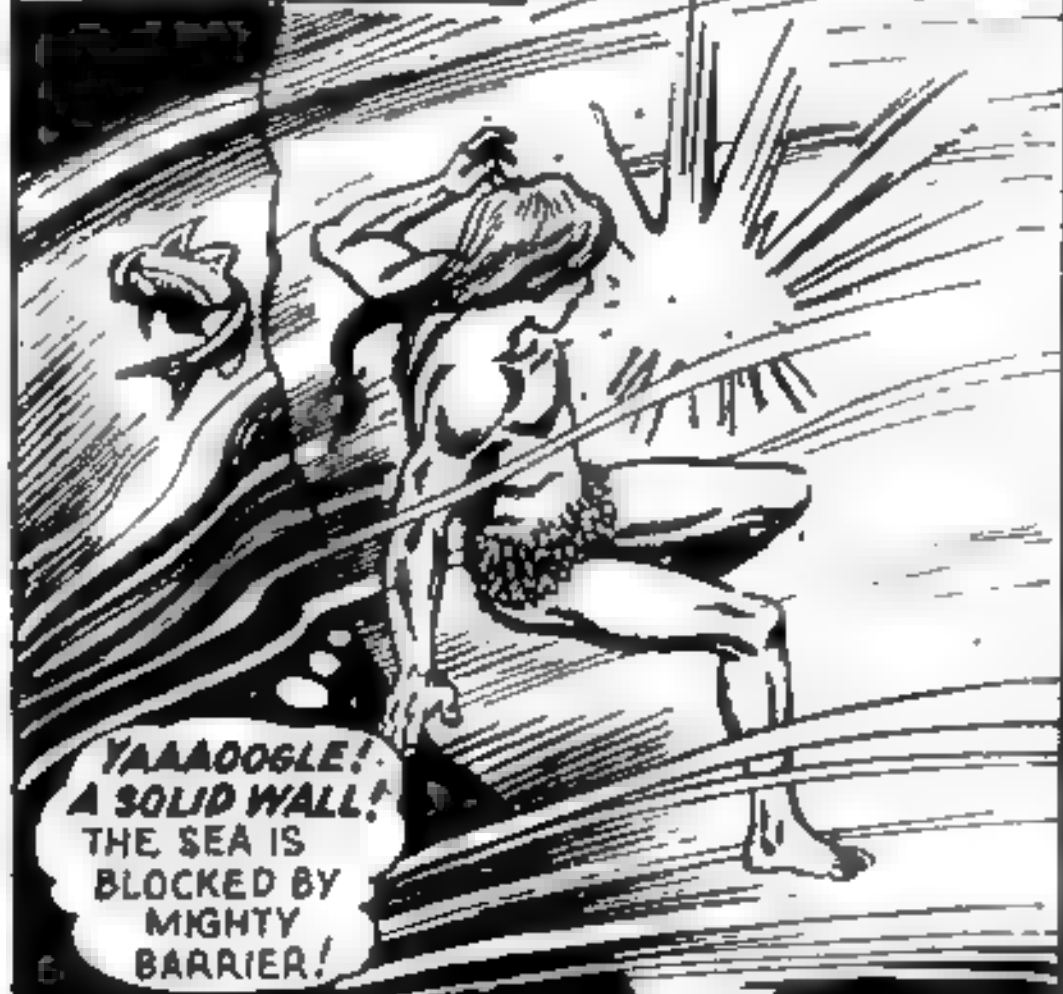
THANKS TO FISHBOY, THE SEALS WITHDREW — AND THE YOUNGSTER WAS JUST ABOUT TO JOURNEY ON, WHEN SUDDENLY...



PUZZLED AND WORRIED, FISHBOY FOLLOWED THE STRAY HADDOCK THROUGH WHIRLING, TIDE-SWEPT SEAS...



UNTIL ALL AT ONCE...



FISHBOY HURTLIED TO THE SURFACE — AND QUICKLY, THE HADDOCK EXPLAINED...



THEN, JUST AS THE HADDOCK WAS EXPLAINING THAT ICEBERGS OFTEN CAPSIZED AND COULD BE DANGEROUS TO ALL UNWARY SEA-CREATURES, FISHBOY SUDDENLY TENSED...



SECONDS LATER, A LARGE OCEAN-GOING YACHT APPEARED OUT OF THE FOG...



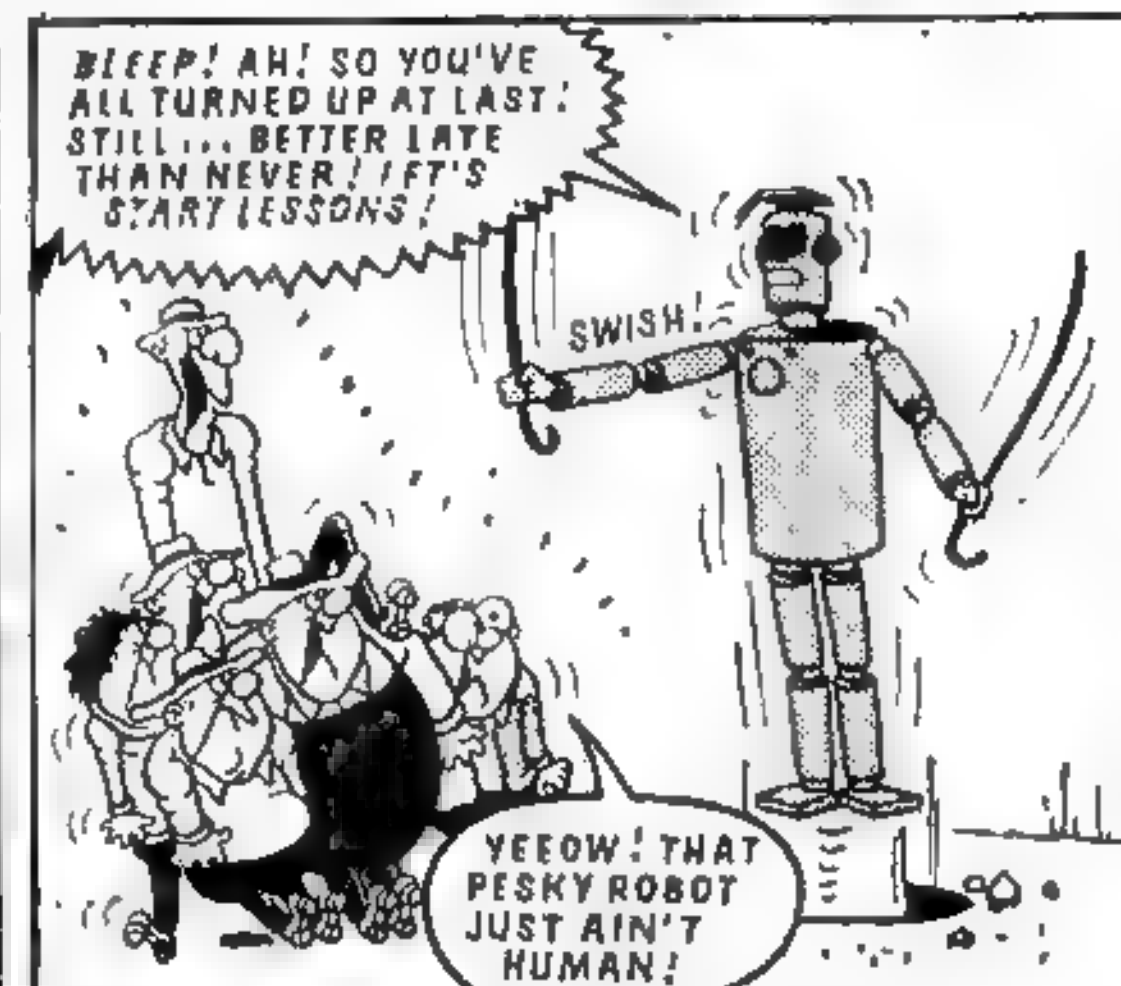
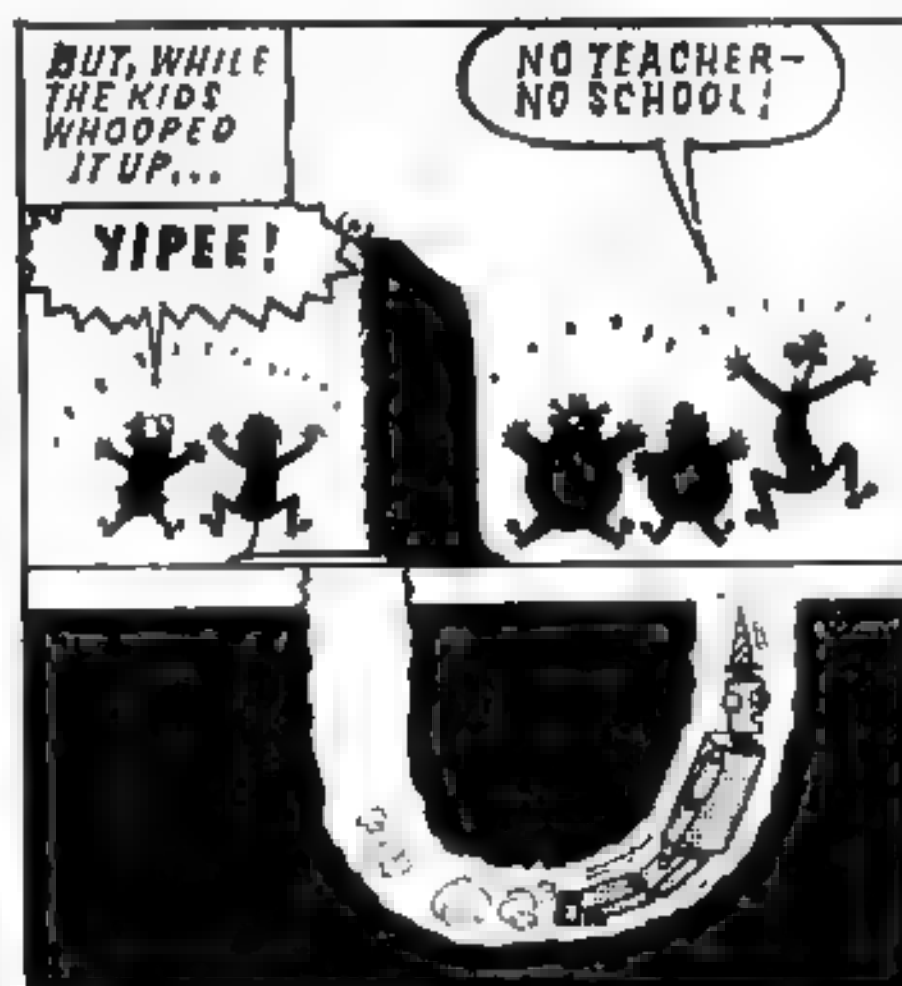
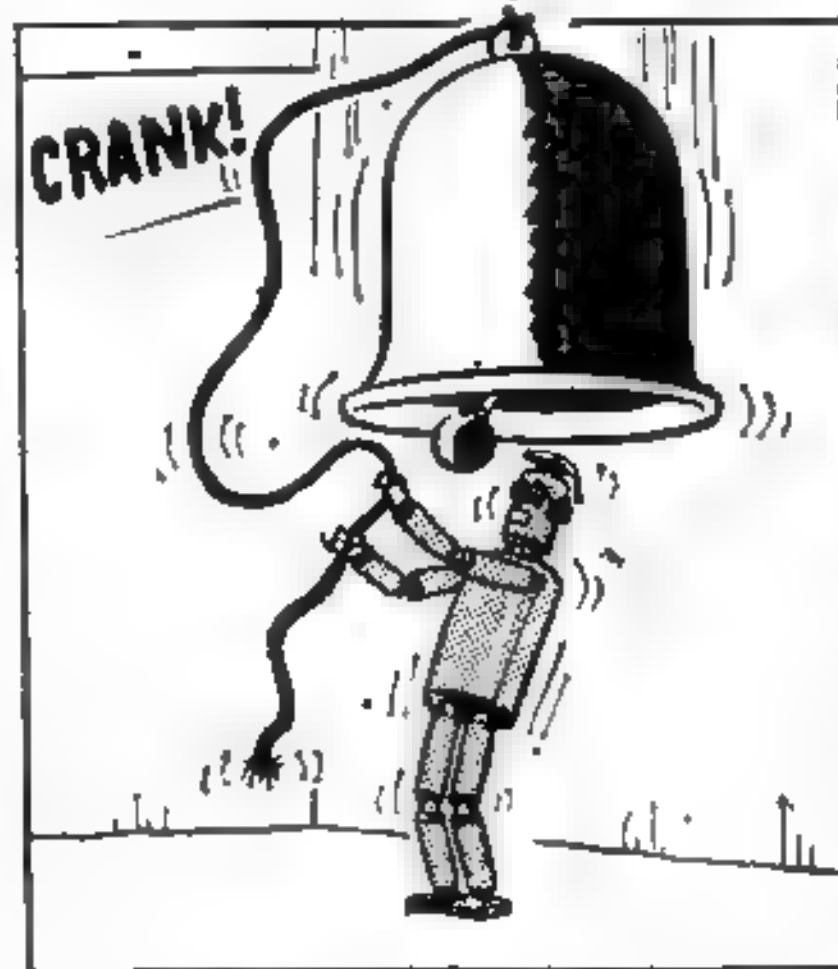
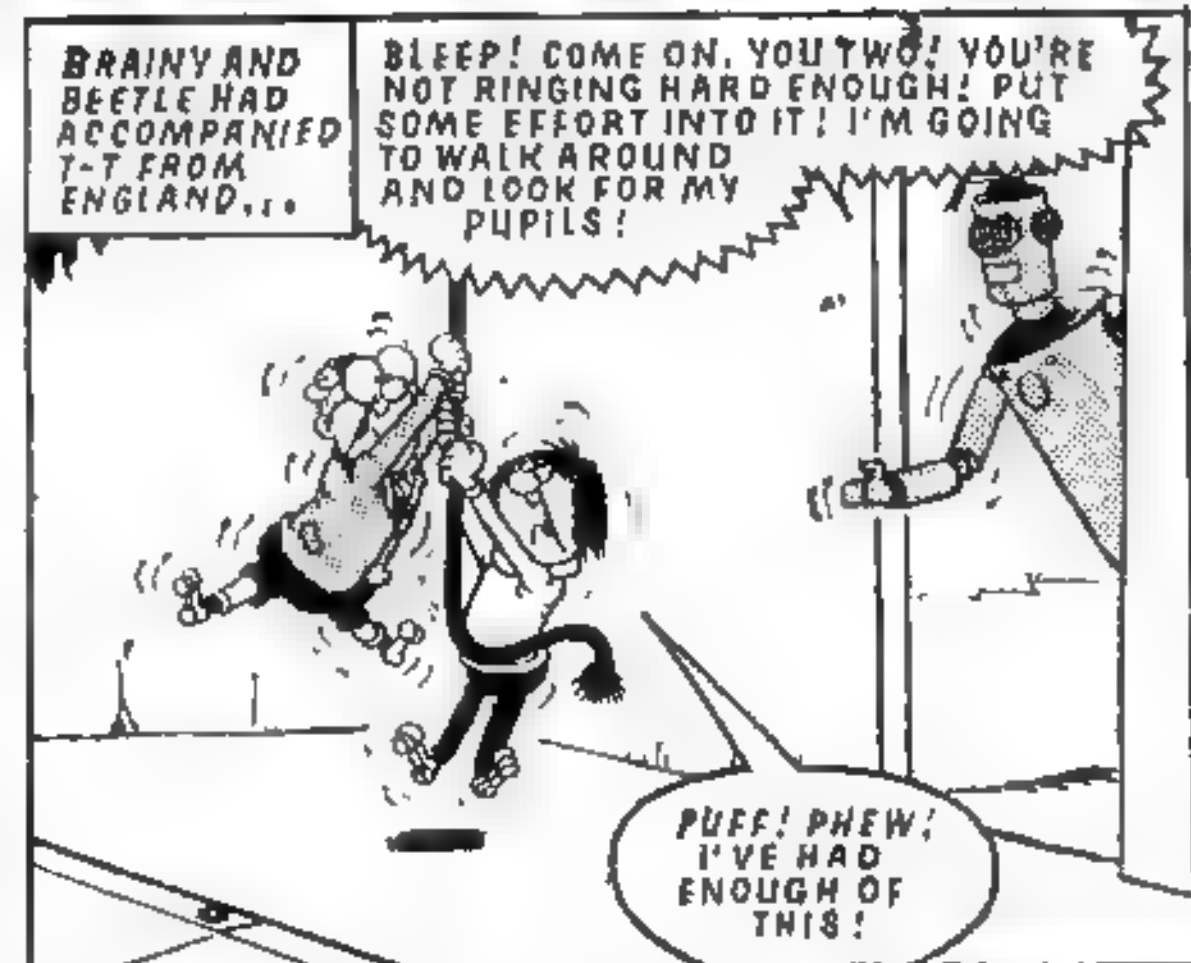
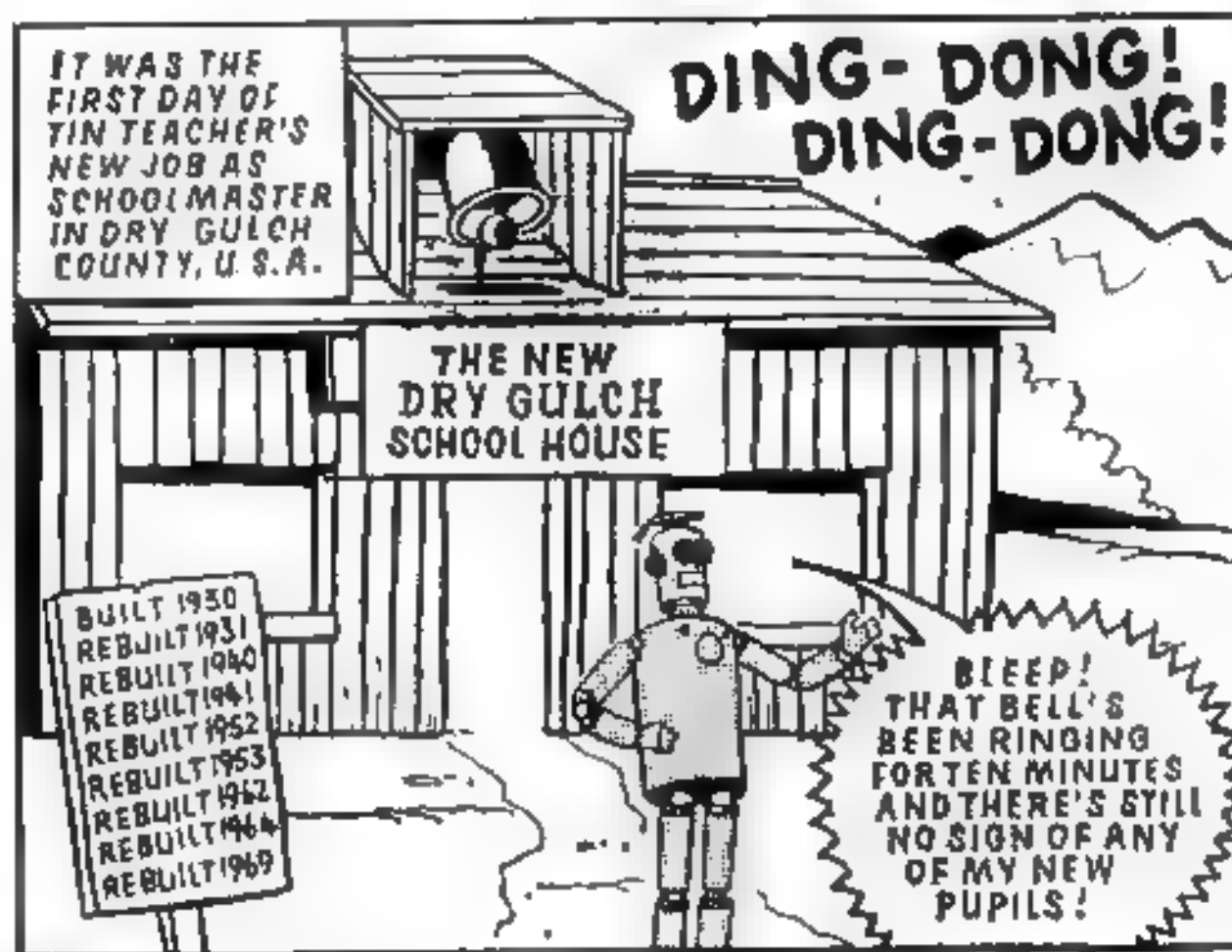
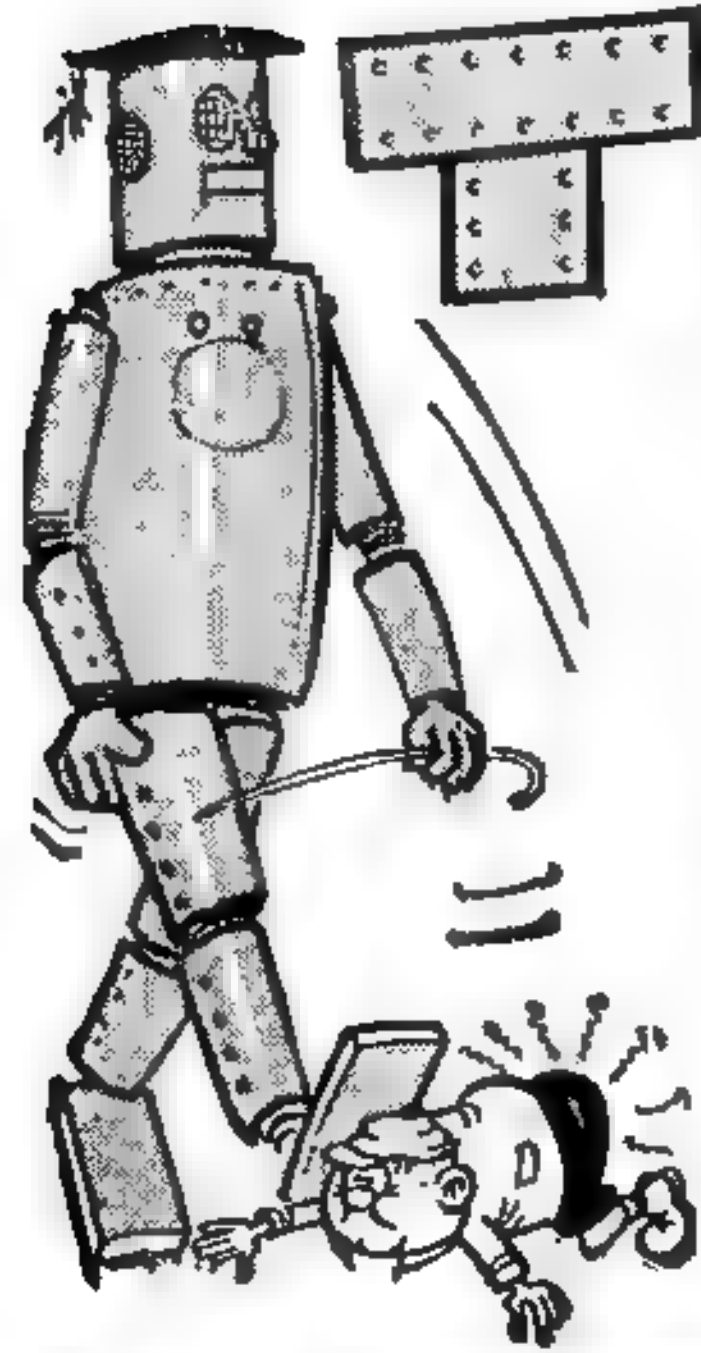
AND TO FISHBOY'S DISMAY...



IS THE CRAFT HEADING FOR DISASTER? SEE THE NEXT THRILLING EPISODE — IN SATURDAY'S ISSUE!

NO WONDER TIN TEACHER HAS A RINGING SOUND IN HIS EARS . . . HE'S UNDER A BELL !

TIN TEACHER



A STORY ABOUT MAGNETISM WILL PROVE AN ATTRACTION IN NEXT SATURDAY'S EDITION!

DAD BRINGS THE SEASIDE TO THE CITY... MORE'S THE PITY!

The HAPPY FAMILY



HAVE AN EXTRA-LONG LAUGH WITH THE HAPPY FAMILY IN THE NEXT ISSUE, PALS!

THE BOYS WERE LINKED TO THEIR DISTANT PAL, THANKS TO ANOTHER OF CRABBE'S INVENTIONS!

CRABBE'S CRUSADERS



Four orphan boys, "Smiler" Smith, "Red" O'Rork, Willy Evans and Sammy Greig had been enlisted as Professor Crabbe's crusaders for peace. Ships carrying food and medical supplies for the cyclone-hit island of Whitsun were being mysteriously robbed, and the crusaders had been sent to investigate...

I TELL YOU THAT'S HOW THE SUPPLY SHIPS ARE BEIN' ROBBED! SOME VILLAIN IS MANAGING TO COVER HIS NASTY CUNNING CRIMES BY MAN-MADE FOG!

BUT THROUGH MAKING A SILENT SURFACE APPROACH, THE CRABBOCRAFT'S SPEED WAS DRASTICALLY CUT, AND IT WAS HALF AN HOUR BEFORE THEY REACHED THE SCENE...

THE FOG'S LIFTING! I CAN JUST SEE THE SUPPLY SHIP...

AND IT'S DRIFTING...



THEN WE'VE GOT TO STOP IT!

A DOME-EYED MECHANICAL BIRD STARED DOWN AT THE NEWCOMERS...

WHY, IT'S OLD CRABBE'S "SPY IN THE SKY"! SMILER'S USING IT TO KEEP AN EYE ON US!

NOW YOU LISTEN 'ERE! THE PROF'S IN BED WITH A COLD—AN' HE APPOINTED ME HIS ACTIN' CONTROLLER!

RED EASED THE AMAZING CRAFT ALONGSIDE...

IT'S NO GOOD, MATES—YOU'RE TOO LATE! THIS ONE'S BEEN CLEARED OUT THE SAME AS THE OTHERS!

EASY! LOOK UP THERE—ON THE GUARD RAIL!

THAT'S "SMILER'S" VOICE! BUT HOW—?

A SEARCH OF THE SHIP SHOWED THAT THE DISTANT SMILER SMITH WAS CORRECT...

EMPTY! RANSACKED FROM STEM TO STERN!

NO SIGN OF THE CREW, EITHER! THE NASTY SPALPEENS HAVE DONE ANOTHER THOROUGH JOB!

BUT PEOPLE AND THINGS DON'T JUST VANISH! THEY'VE GONE SOMEWHERE!

THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE POSSIBLE ANSWER! IT'S A SIMPLE PROCESS OF ELIMINATION... WE COULD ALL SEE THAT THE ATTACK DIDN'T COME FROM THE SKY, OR FROM ON THE SEA! THEREFORE, IT MUST HAVE COME FROM BENEATH THE WAVES!

IN NO TIME AT ALL, THE CRABBOCRAFT WAS SUBMERGING...

WHAT D'YE RECKON IT IS WE'RE AFTER, WILLY?

IT COULD BE SOME SORT OF SUBMARINE --AND IF IT IS, WE'LL SOON TRACK IT DOWN WITH HERMIT CRABBE'S UNDERWATER SEARCH GADGET!



AT THAT VERY MOMENT...



HEH, HEH! HAAH!
ANOTHER PERFECT OPERATION!
THE FOOLS WILL BE BAFFLED YET
AGAIN! MEN AND SUPPLIES JUST
DISAPPEAR...SPIRITED AWAY BY
THE MAGIC OF "THE ATTACKER".
NONE CAN DEFY GINGERBEARD,
PIRATE EXTRAORDINARY
OF THE TWENTIETH
CENTURY!

SUDDENLY, A CRY RANG OUT
FROM ONE OF THE CREW...



SOUND THE ALARM!
WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED—BY
A CRAFT SHAPED LIKE A
GIANT CRAB!

WHAT'S THAT?

IMMEDIATELY, A GREAT MASS
OF BUBBLES ROSE FROM
AN AIR LOCK ON THE UNDERSEA
MAMMOTH, AND...

IN THE CRABBOCRAFT, THE
CRUSADERS GAPED AHEAD
IN DISBELIEF...



G-GOSH! WILL
YE JUST LOOK AT THE
SIZE OF IT! 'TIS
A SUBMARINE, ALL
RIGHT—AS BIG AS A
BATTLESHIP!

THAT
COULD ROB
TWENTY SHIPS
AND STILL
HAVE ROOM
FOR MORE!

WAIT!
IT'S TURNING IN
OUR DIRECTION—
IT'S SEEN US,
I THINK—!

GINGERBEARD WAS ALREADY
SCHEMING WILDLY...



DETECTION
WOULD SPOIL OUR
FUTURE PLANS! THE
INTRUDERS MUST NOT BE
ALLOWED TO ESCAPE!
ANNIHILATE
THEM!

RELEASE
THE GUARDIAN!

FROM THE CRUSADERS' CONTROL
HEADQUARTERS, SMILER YELLED
A WARNING...

I DETECT THAT THING'S
MADE OF STEEL! YOU HAVEN'T GOT A
CHANCE, LADS! RUN FOR IT BEFORE
IT'S TOO LATE!



CALM DOWN,
SMILER—THERE'S NO
NEED TO PANIC!



GOOD GRIEF!
LOOK!

IT'S A
GIANT SQUID!
THEY'VE SENT IT
TO ATTACK
US!

RED O'RORK GAVE A GRIM SMILE...



DID CRABBE NOT TELL
YOU HE EQUIPPED THE
CRABBOCRAFT WITH
HOMING TORPEDOES?
WE CAN'T MISS!

YOU'D
BETTER BE RIGHT, RED! THAT
FEARSOME OBJECT IS GETTING
TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!

THE BRAVNY IRISH BOY PUNCHED
THE 'RELEASE' BUTTON—BUT...

LEAPING LEPRECHAUNS!
NOTHING'S HAPPENED! THE
FIRING MECHANISM HAS
JAMMED!



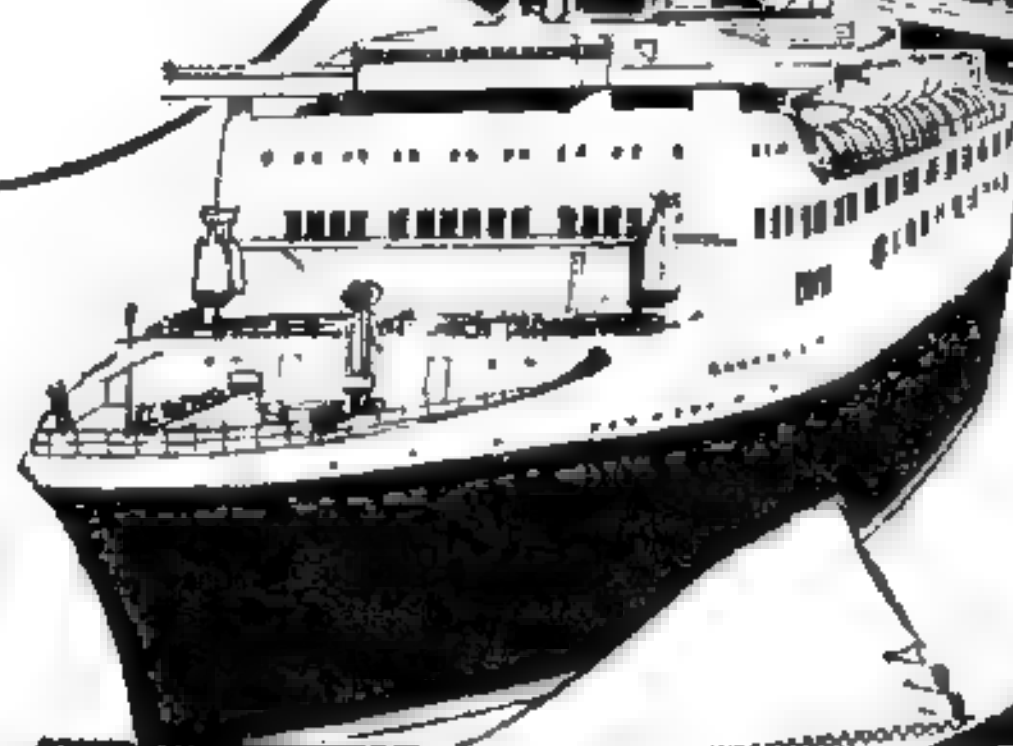
HAVE THEY NO DEFENCE AGAINST "THE GUARDIAN"? SEE THE NEXT DRAMATIC INSTALMENT!

WHO WAS THE GREATEST WAYFINDER OF THEM ALL?

500

***SUPER PRIZES
OF AIRFIX CONSTRUCTION KITS
OR ADVENTURE BOOKS***

**TO BE WON IN THIS EXCITING
WAYFINDERS COMPETITION
OPEN TO BOYS AND GIRLS**



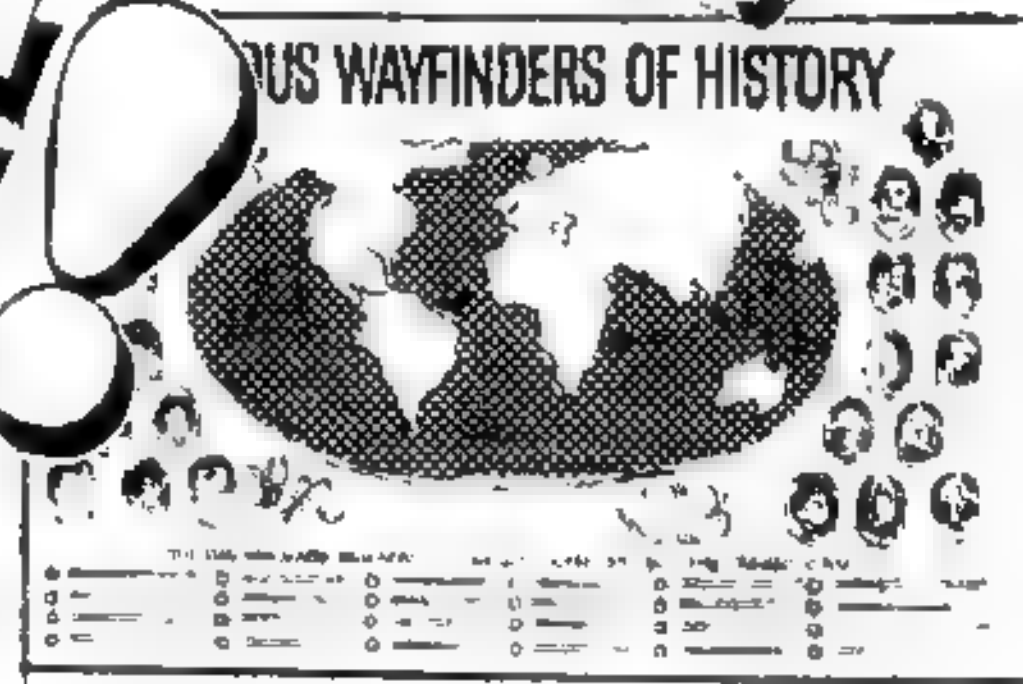
HERE'S WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

- 1** Read these 6 sentences relating to famous Wayfinders. In each one there is a word, figure or date missing. From your knowledge of History and Geography, complete the sentences. Then select from them the Wayfinder you consider to have made the greatest contribution to mankind's progress, and complete the seventh sentence stating why.
- 2** Fill in your name, address and age on the form, cut it out and send it with the end panel of any Wayfinder shoe box containing the size and style numbers to:-
Wayfinders Contest,
80 Cromer Street, London, W.C.1.
- 3** Winners can choose their prizes from wonderful Airfix Kits of Captain Cook's Endeavour, the Concorde S.S.T., the Queen Elizabeth 2 or a set of 4 historic figures or one of Collins beautiful full colour 'Living World' books. There are 6 titles - Living World of Science, History, Nature, Achievement, Knowledge and Learning.

FREE!

to all boys and girls sending in a properly completed entry, is this full colour wall map "Great Wayfinders of History".

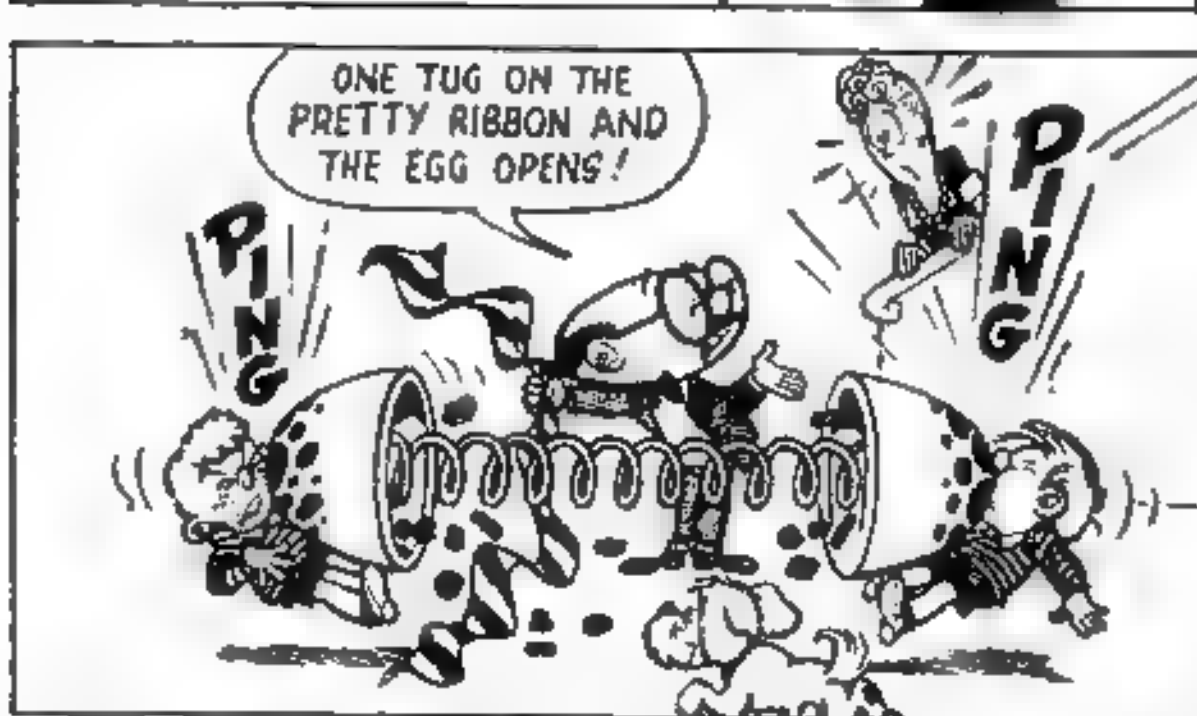
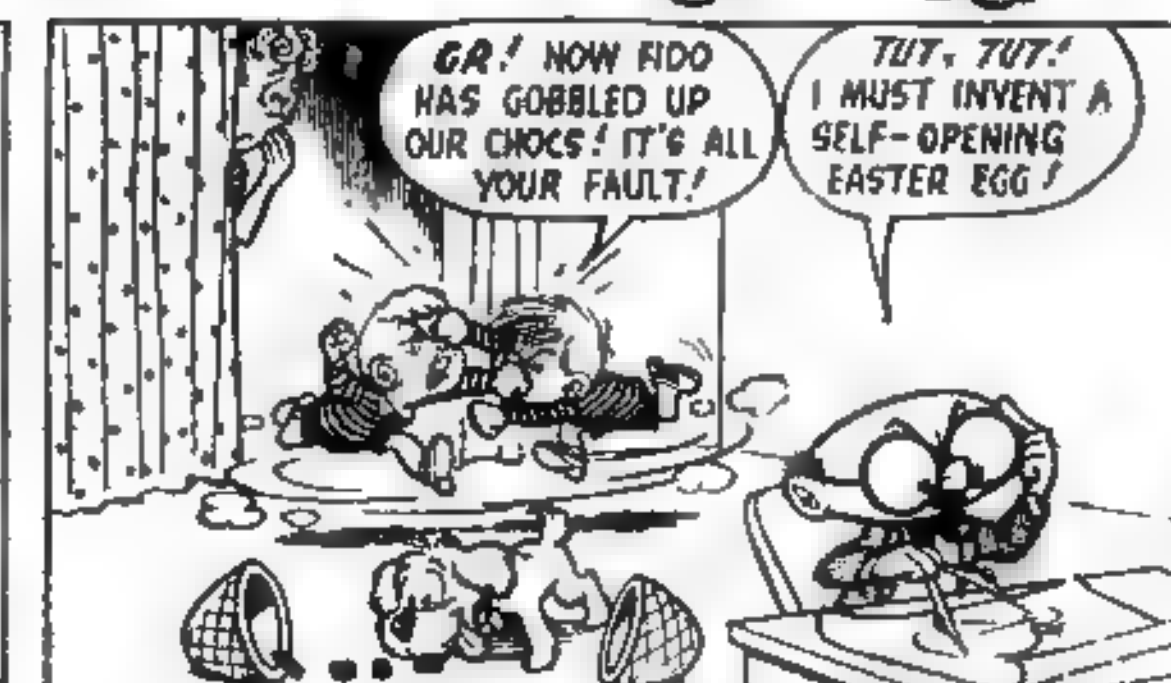
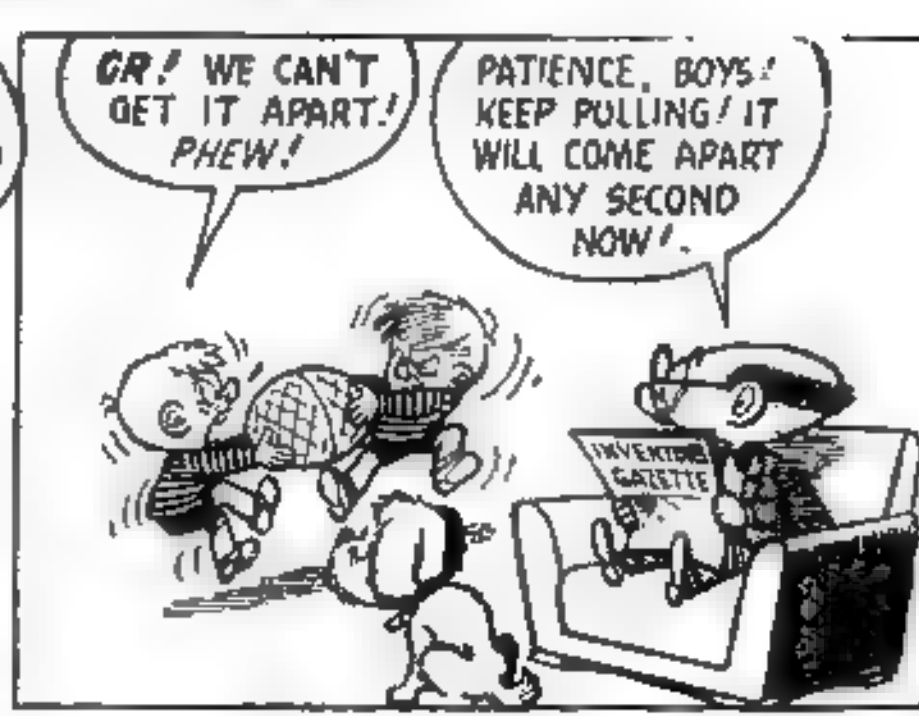
Size 20" x 30" and ideal for framing, or for your wall, or for school use, it shows the routes used by 20 of the world's most famous Wayfinders. Enter this competition now and get yours **free**. Further entry forms are available from Wayfinders, 151 Oxford St., London, W.1 on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.



ENTRY FORM ON OPPOSITE PAGE ►

THE PROFESSOR'S LATEST MASTERPIECE DOESN'T WORK "EGGS-ACTLY" TO PLAN!

PROFESSOR NUTCASE



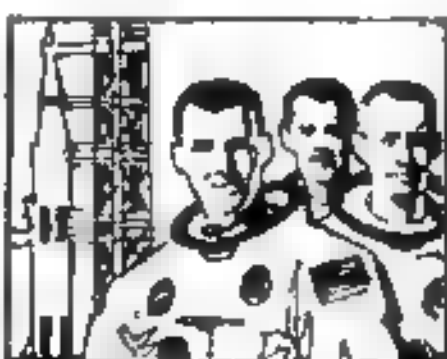
ENTRY FORM



Vasco da Gama was the first man to reach by sea.
James Cook discovered the continent of Australia on his journey.
Ferdinand Magellan was the first European to sail the Ocean.



Christopher Columbus crossed the Atlantic in 1492 and made his first landfall in
The Apollo 8 team made circuits of the moon.
Marco Polo travelled across Asia to reach Peking for the first time in



Now, using your skill and judgement, select one of these six famous Wayfinders and complete the following sentence, in not more than 15 words.

I consider to be the greatest Wayfinder because

NAME ADDRESS

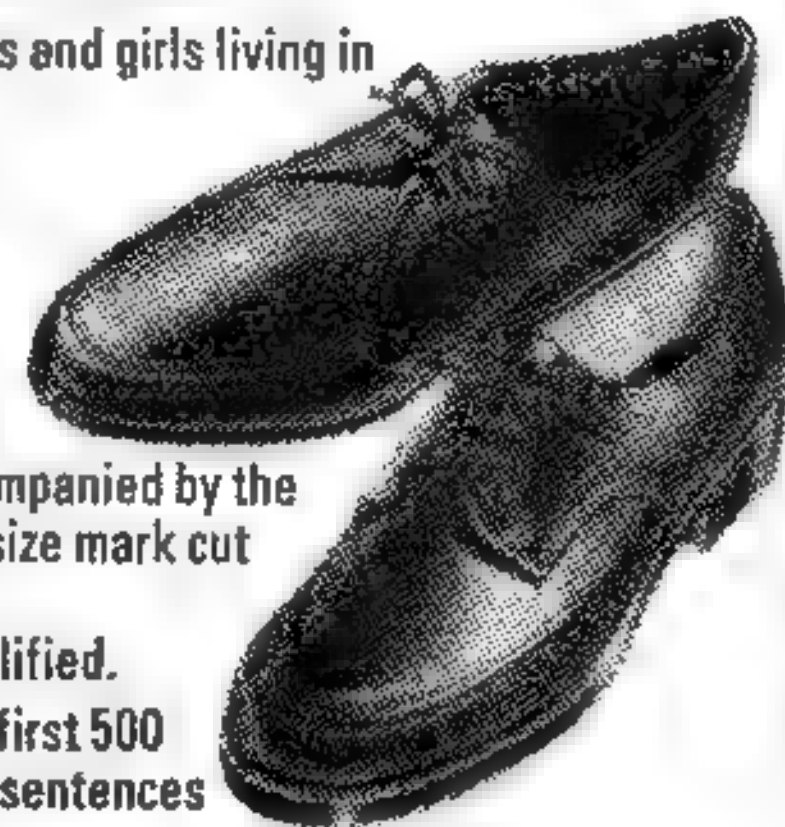
AGE SHOE SIZE

BLOCK LETTERS, PLEASE

COMPETITION RULES

COMPETITION CLOSING DATE: APRIL 30TH, 1969

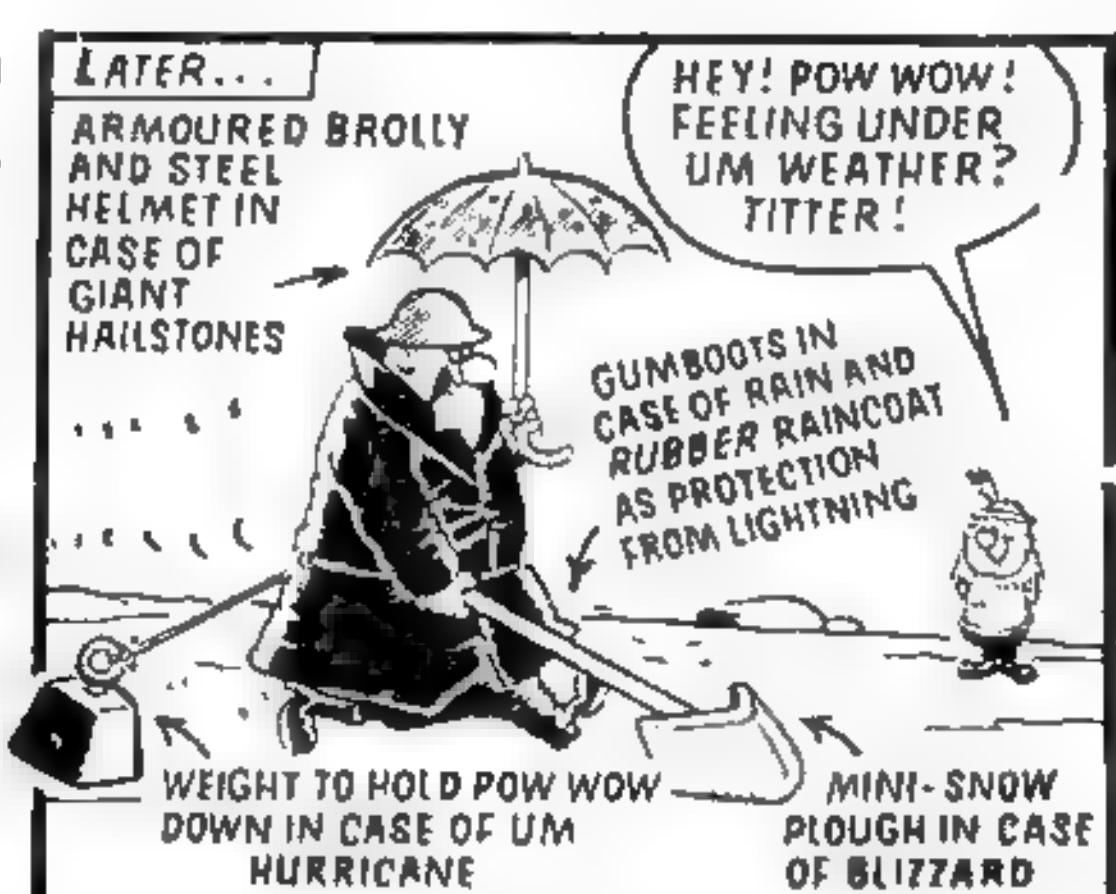
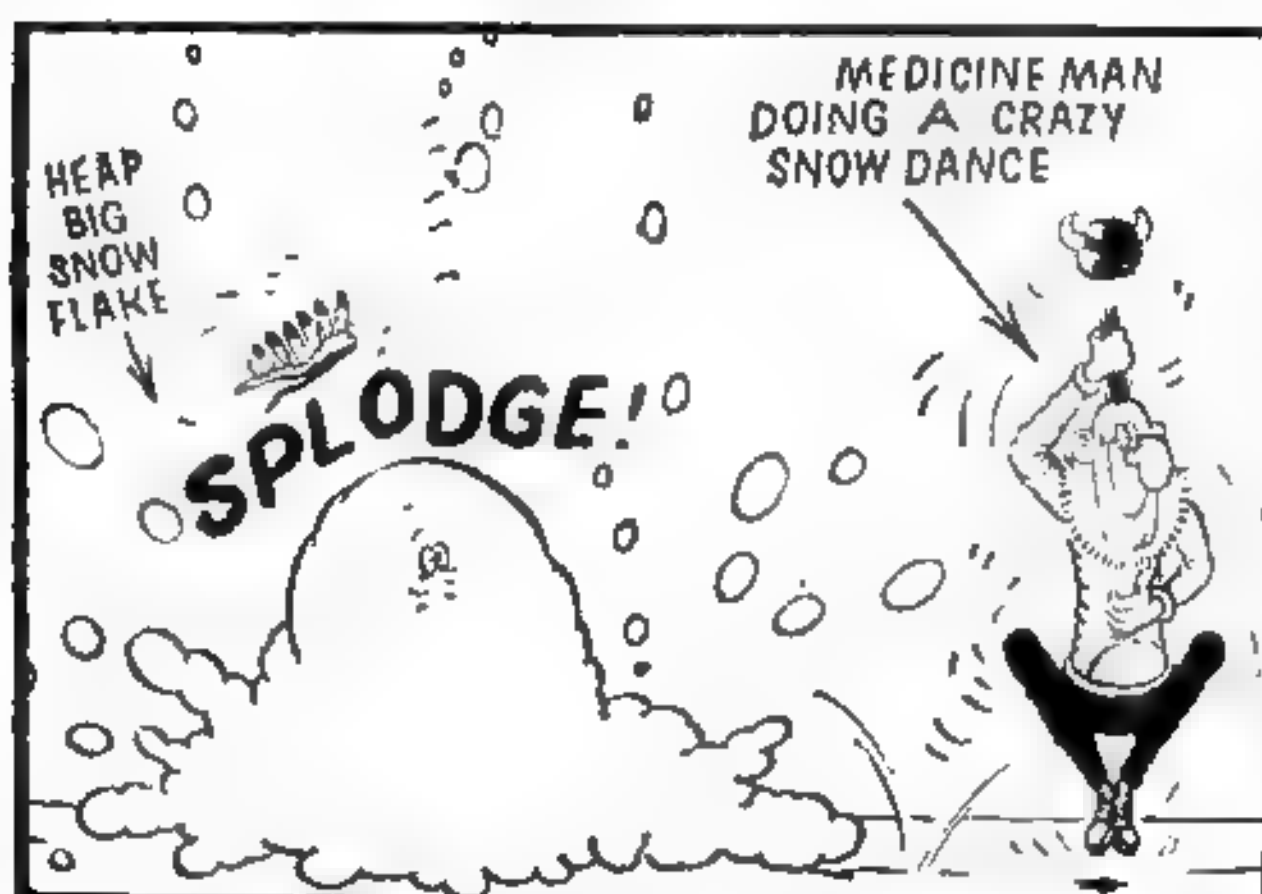
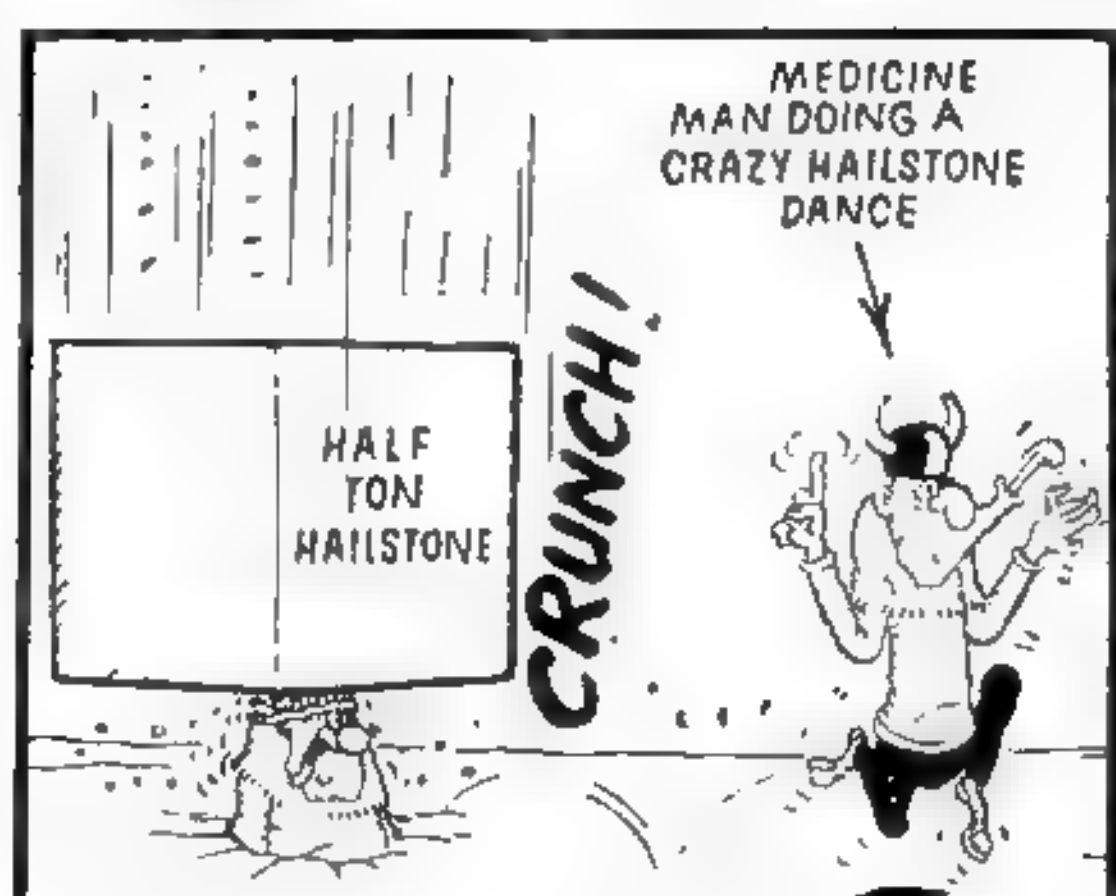
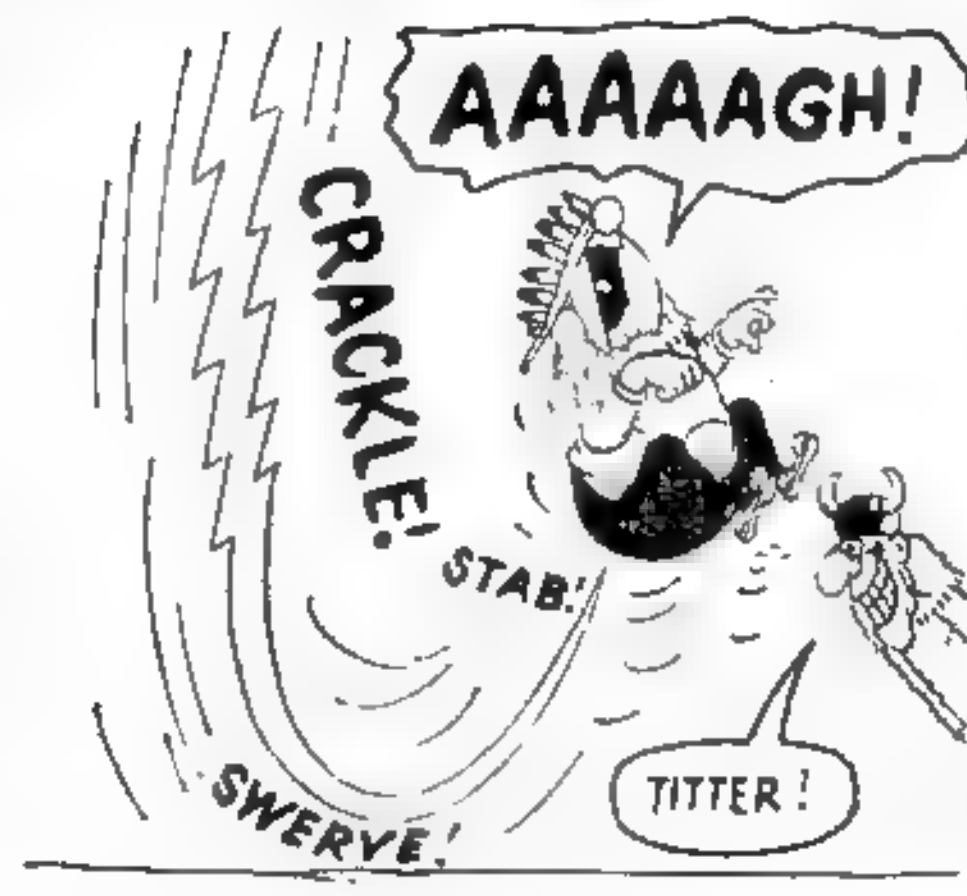
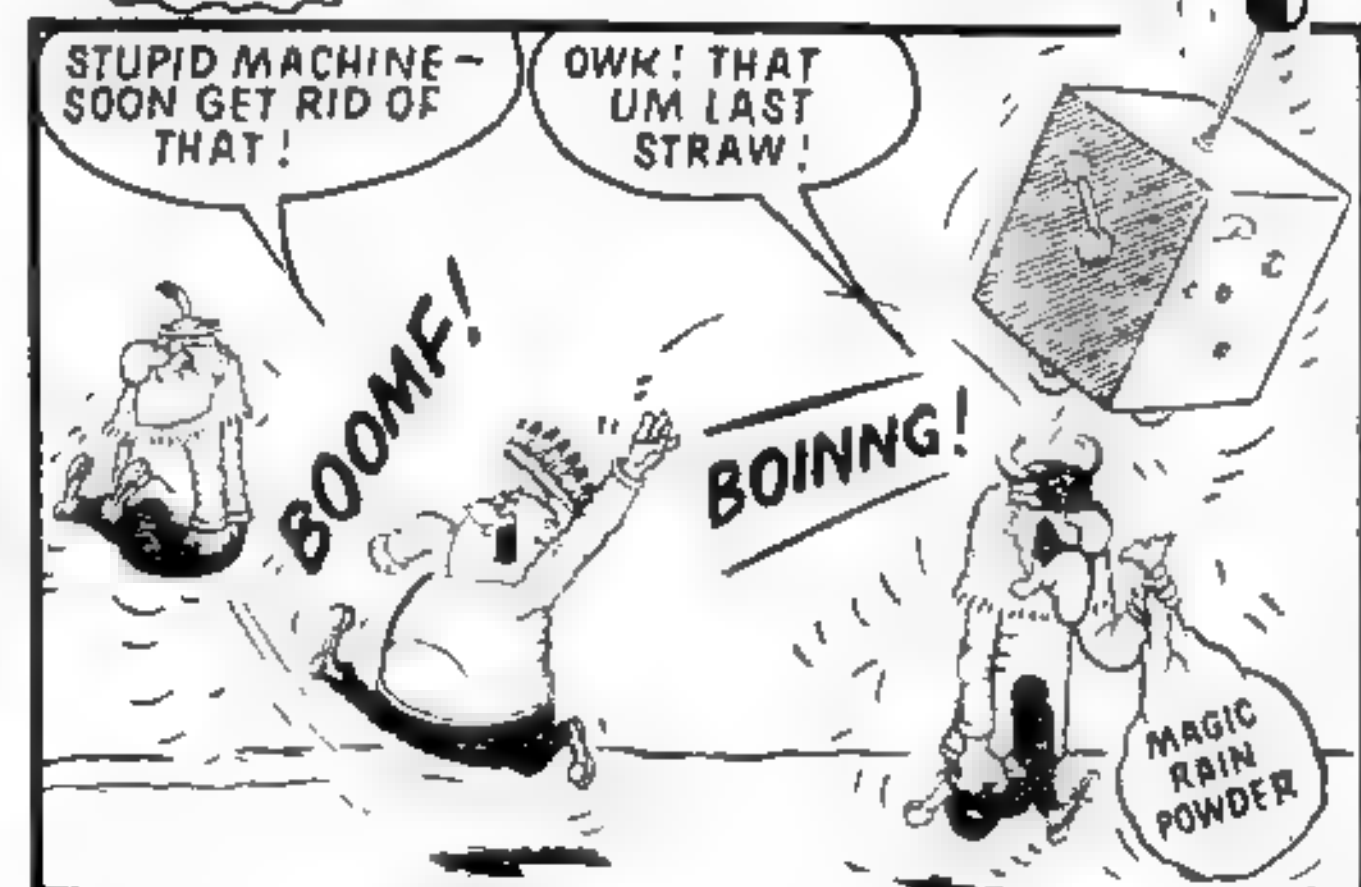
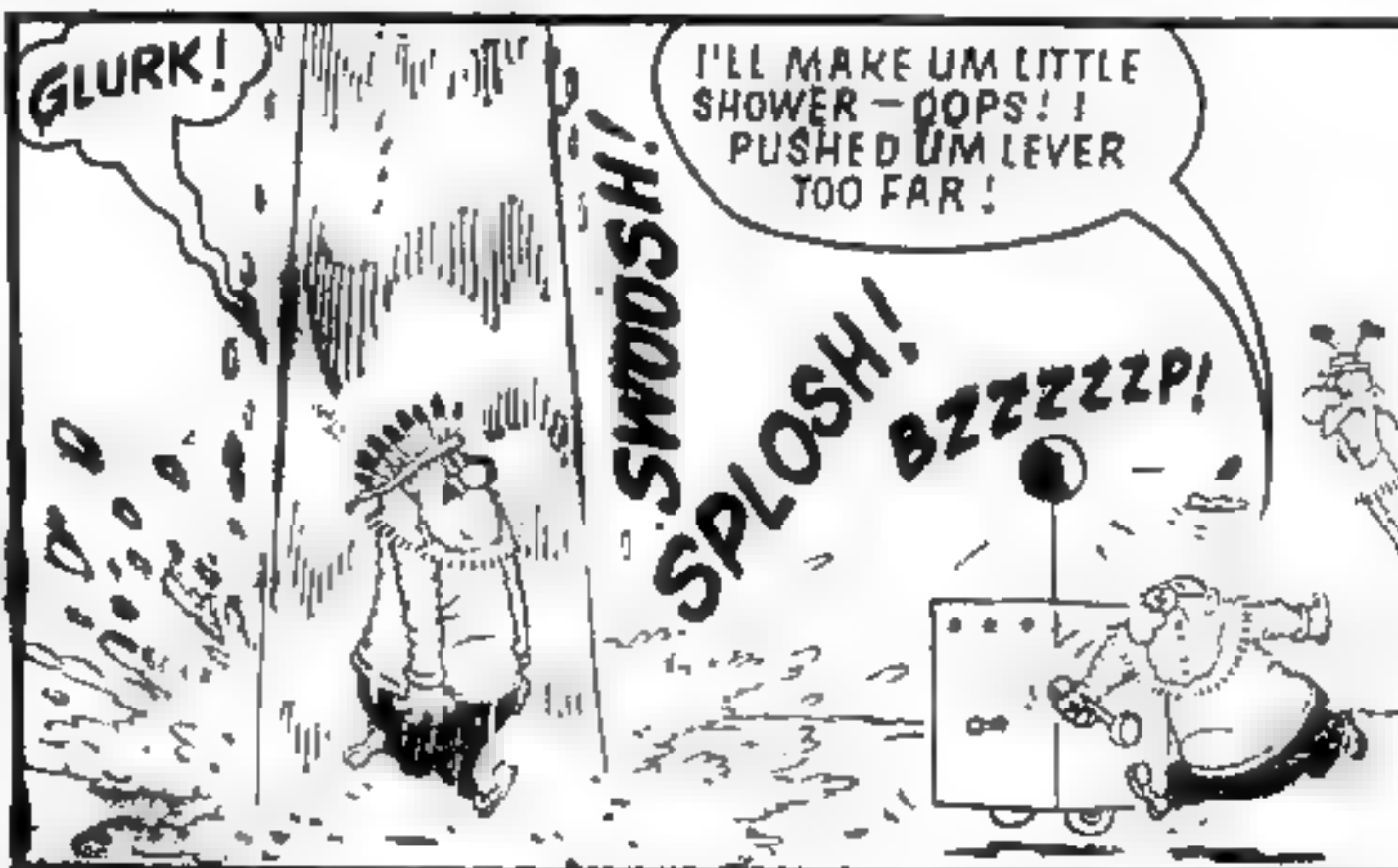
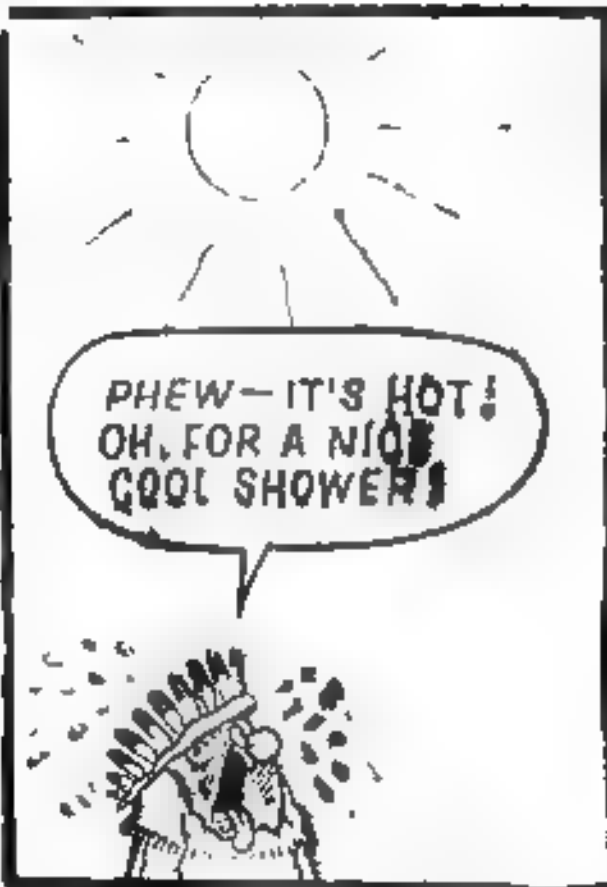
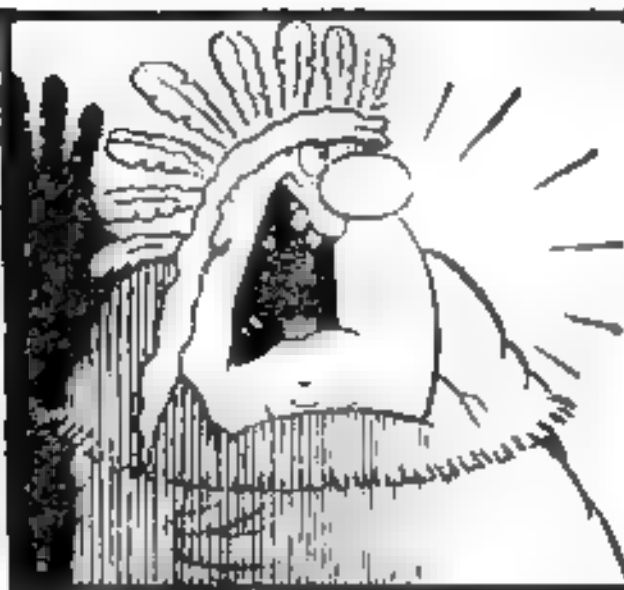
- 1 The Competition is open to all boys and girls living in the United Kingdom.
- 2 Children of the employees of the manufacturers of Wayfinders and of their Advertising Agents and of anyone directly involved in the competition are ineligible.
- 3 Each complete entry must be accompanied by the box end and panel containing the size mark cut from the end of a Wayfinders box. Entries without this will be disqualified.
- 4 The prizes will be awarded to the first 500 competitors who complete the six sentences correctly. In the event of a tie, the seventh sentence will be used to eliminate. No allowance will be made for age, no competitor may receive more than one prize.
- 5 The decision of the judges is final and legally binding. No correspondence will be entered into.
- 6 No responsibility can be accepted for entries delayed, damaged or lost in the post. Entries which are unreadable or are altered will be disqualified. All entries become the property of the manufacturer of Wayfinders and cannot be returned.
- 7 Every prize-winner will be notified by post. A complete list of winners will be obtainable from Wayfinders, 151 Oxford St., London, W.1 on receipt of S.A.E. after June 22nd, 1969.



YOU'RE ON THE ROAD TO ADVENTURE WITH **WAYFINDERS**

BIG CHIEF

POW WOW





MOD



TOM



MONSTER



IVAN



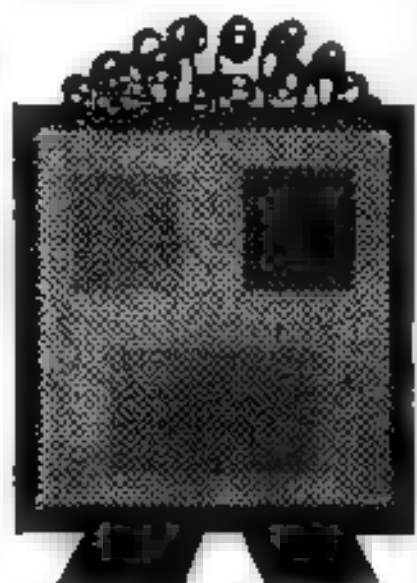
OLD TIMER



INMATE



CHI-CHOU



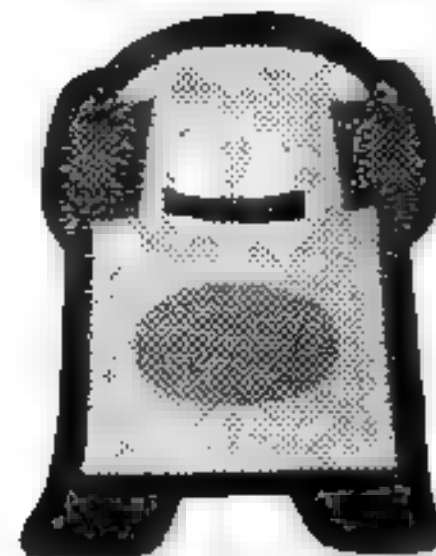
THE SQUARE



SANTA



SUN MAN



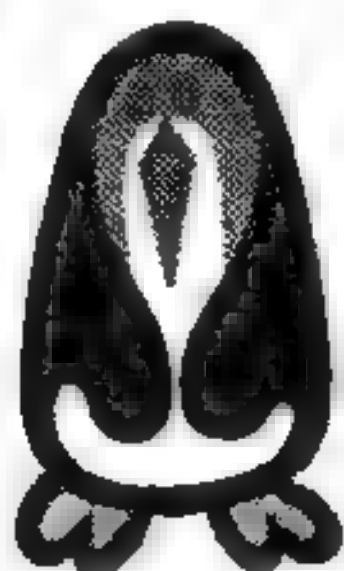
PAPA GONK



CHIMPS



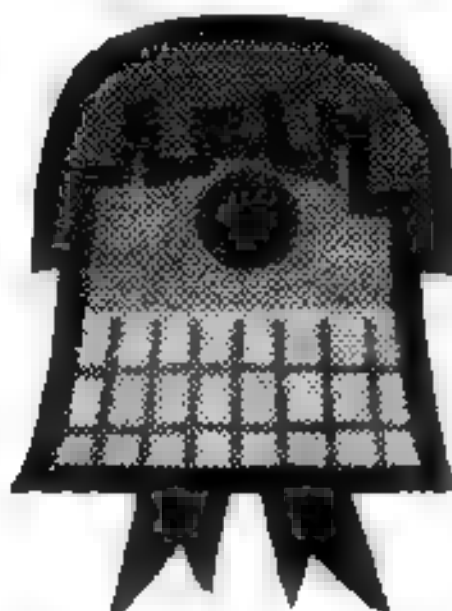
VAMP



PENGIE



CLOWN



MAMA GONK



OLD SLEEPY



BABE



NUTS



PORKY



MONK



SNOB



CRAZY



AUNT OWLIE

Watch out! the GONKS are here!

New ANGLO **GONK** -
the bubble gum with a
GONKY new flavour

They're scary. They're fun. The 24 new Gonks you'll find running around on Gonk bubble gum wrappers. They're fantastic fun to collect.

But don't forget the bubble gum inside. It's a new 'V' flavour bubble gum with a Gonky new taste. And it's Anglo bubble gum so you can keep on blowing bubbles for ages.



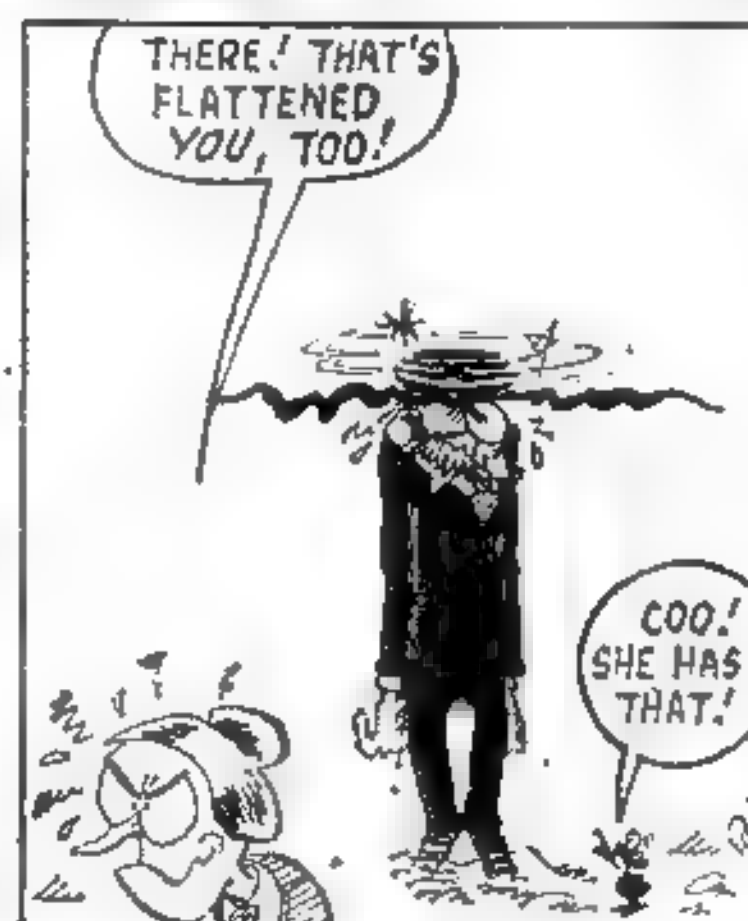
ONLY 1^p

YOU BLOW BIGGER BUBBLES WITH ANGLO BUBBLE GUM!

STATUES AREN'T TO CRUNCHER'S TASTE, BUT HE STILL CARVES OUT AN OPPORTUNITY FOR A FEED!

CRUNCHER

THE TINY TERMITE WITH THE BIG APPETITE

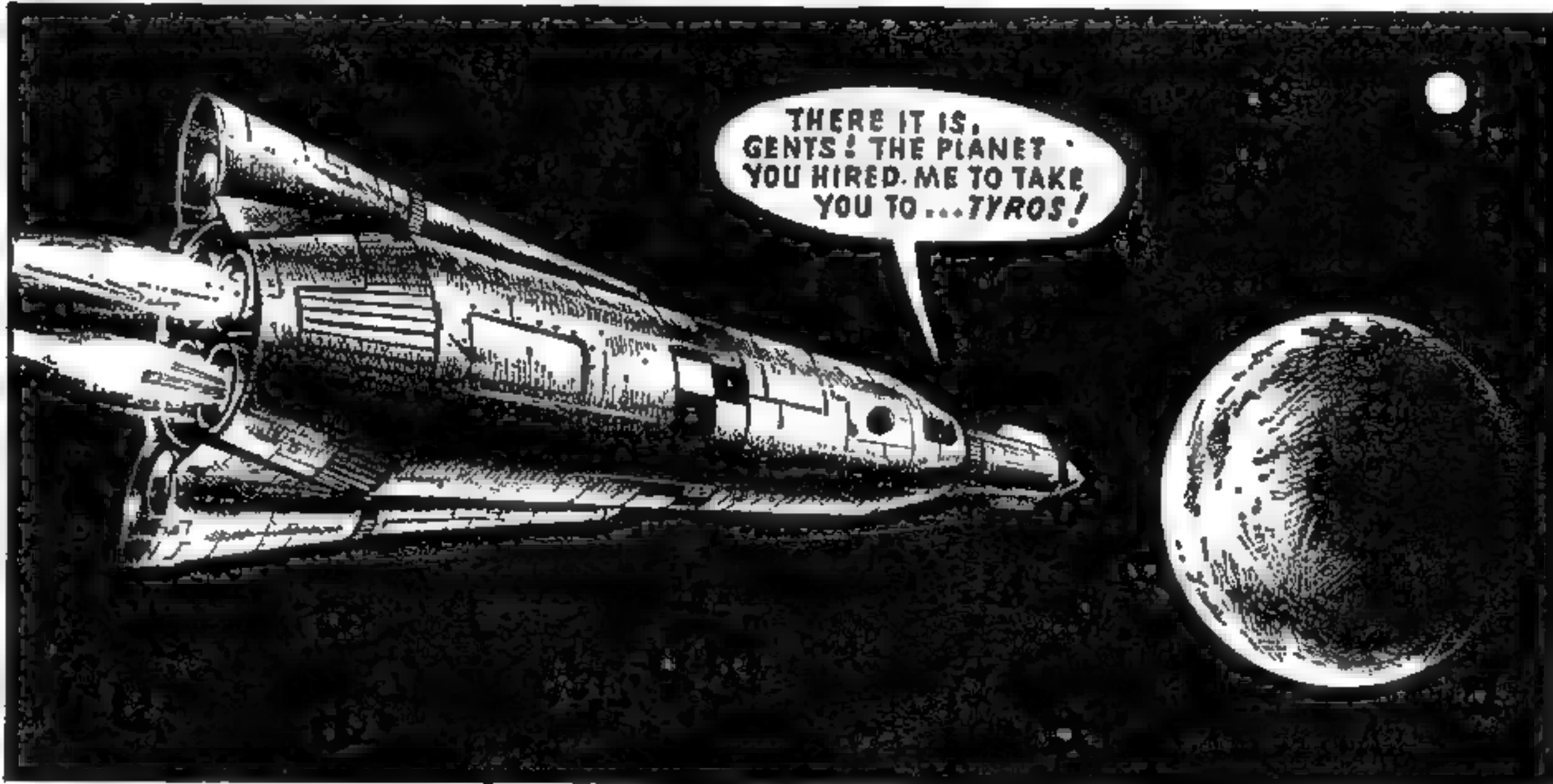


ANOTHER FEAST OF FUN WITH OUR TINY TERMITE IN THE NEXT ISSUE! ON SALE 5th APRIL!

STARTS TODAY! THIS ALL-ACTION NEW ADVENTURE OF...

ROAMIN' JAMES

- SPACE PILOT!



A.D. 2069 . . . and Roamin' James, the cowboy-style space-freighter pilot, and his faithful dog Comanche were far from Earth in their great time-and-travel tested spaceship...

AN AIR OF EXCITEMENT AND ANTICIPATION FILLED ROAMIN'S PASSENGERS...

TYROS! JUST THINK, PROFESSOR MEEK, WE ARE SOON TO SEE OUR FIRST LAPIDACHTRAL!

AND WHAT IS MORE, MY DEAR PROFESSOR TIBBS, WE'LL SEE IT IN ITS NATURAL SURROUNDINGS!

ROAMIN' DREW THE LEARNED MEN'S ATTENTION TO A STEEL CAGE BEHIND THEM...

AND YOU RECKON ON TAKING ONE OF THESE LAPID-WHAT-YOU-CALL-ITS ... BACK TO THE EARTH SPACE ZOO IN THAT THERE CAGE? BUT WHAT KIND OF CRITTER IS IT?

A LAPIDACHTRAL? OH, I'D SAY A KIND OF MOLE, WOULDN'T YOU, PROFESSOR MEEK?

A MOLE, PROFESSOR TIBBS? OH, NOT AT ALL! MUCH MORE LIKE AN ARMADILLO!

ARMADILLO, INDEED! PERHAPS LIKE A LARGISH BADGER, MEEK— BUT CERTAINLY NOT AN ARMADILLO!

ROAMIN' JAMES GRINNED AS HE WHISPERED TO COMANCHE, HIS FAITHFUL SPACE-HOUND...

WELL, IF THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'RE LOOKING FOR—I'M SURE I DON'T! ANYWAY, OTHERS HAVE TOLD ME THIS PLANET'S ONLY ROCK AND DUST!

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

A VITAL MESSAGE REACHED ROAMIN' JAMES ... AND HE WAS PUT ON THE SPOT!

POWERFUL RETRO-ROCKETS TURNED AND SLOWED THE CRAFT AS IT RUSHED NEARER THE PLANET TYROS...

**STRAP IN, GENTS!
WE'RE HEADING FOR
TOUCHDOWN!**

**THE PLANET SEEMED
EVERY BIT AS BARREN
AS ROAMIN' JAMES
HAD HEARD
IT WAS...**

**CHEERY LOOKIN'
PLACE... I DON'T THINK!
AND LOOK AT THE OUTSIDE
TEMPERATURE GAUGE!
IT'S COLDER THAN A
DEEP FREEZE OUT
THERE!**

**DON'T WORRY
ABOUT US, CAPTAIN!
WE'LL TURN OUR
SUIT-HEATERS UP
TO 'FULL ON'!**

**BUT AN AMAZING
TRANSFORMATION
SEEMED TO TAKE
PLACE THROUGHOUT
THE TERRAIN AS
ROAMIN' OPENED
THE SPACESHIP
DOOR...**

**CAPTAIN,
LOOK! IT'S
UNBELIEVABLE!**

**JUMPIN' JUNIPERS! SURE
DON'T LOOK LIKE THE SAME PLACE!
MAYBE WHAT WE THOUGHT WE SAW
WAS JUST A KIND OF MIRAGE!**

THEN...

**THERE MUST BE
SOMETHING WRONG
WITH YOUR TEMPER-
ATURE GAUGE, CAPTAIN!
IT'S REMARKABLY
HOT OUT HERE!**

**EARTH CONTROL TO
CAPTAIN JAMES!
COME IN, CAPTAIN
JAMES! OVER...**

**ROAMIN' IMMEDIATELY
ANSWERED...**

**JAMES HERE...
WHAT'S UP?
OVER...**

**IT'S ABOUT
THE TWO MEN YOU
HAVE TAKEN TO PLANET
TYROS... PROFESSORS
TIBBS AND MEEK!**

**THEY ARE THE
GREATEST
ZOOLOGISTS IN
THE WORLD!
IF ANYTHING
SHOULD HAPPEN
TO THEM...**

**...THE LOSS TO THE
SCIENCE OF ZOOLOGY
WOULD BE DISASTROUS!
IF YOU WANT TO KEEP
YOUR LICENCE YOU MUST
SEE THAT TIBBS AND
MEEK RETURN
TO EARTH...
UNHARMED!**

**ROAMIN' SIGNED OFF... DID YOU
HEAR THAT, COMANCHE?
IF WE WANT TO STAY IN THE
SPACEFREIGHTING BUSINESS,
WE'VE GOT TO PLAY
NURSEMAID TO THOSE
TWO!**

**FRANTICALLY, ROAMIN'
RUSHED FROM THE
FREIGHTER AND OUT
INTO THE HOT
TYROSIAN
SUNLIGHT...**

**H'M! MOST INTERESTING,
PROFESSOR MEEK! NOW DROP
YOUR OTHER GLOVE...
AND SEE IF THE
SAME THING
HAPPENS!**

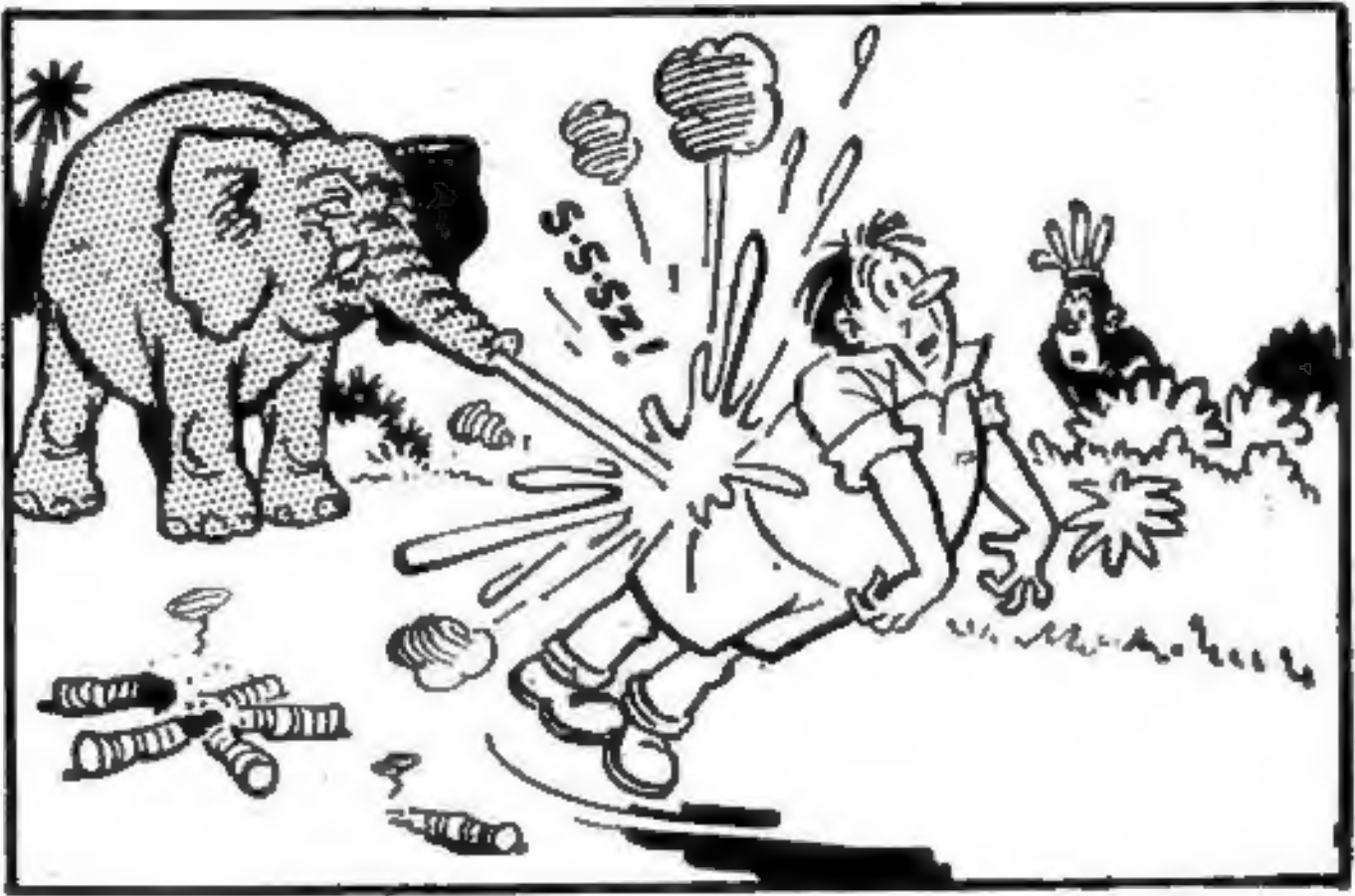
**I'M NOT
RISKING MY
LICENCE—
ESPECIALLY FOR
THOSE SPACE GREEN-
HORNS... HEY, COMANCHE!
WHERE ARE THEY?**

**THERE THEY ARE!
OF ALL THE DARNED FOOL
TRICKS... WANDERING
OFF ON THEIR OWN
LIKE THAT!**



NOW IT'S THE SPACE AGE WHO NEEDS ASSISTANCE... AND FAST! READ ON IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

BRIGHT HUNTER!



SEND IN A JOKE TODAY... AND A CASH PRIZE MAY COME YOUR WAY!

BUSTER Giggles

POCKET-MONEY PRIZES TO BE WON EVERY WEEK!

£1

FOR THE SENDER OF EACH JOKE PUBLISHED

HOW TO ENTER:

Send your joke on a postcard to:

"BUSTER Giggles",
FLEETWAY HOUSE,
FARRINGTON ST.,
LONDON, E.C.4.

A CASH PRIZE OF £1 WILL
BE AWARDED FOR EACH JOKE
PUBLISHED.

(When similar jokes are received, the
first one to be judged will be awarded
the prize.)

MY THREE FAVOURITE FEATURES ARE:

- 1
- 2
- 3

PLEASE FILL IN THE COUPON
ABOVE AND PASTE IT TO
YOUR POSTCARD.



From J. TAYLOR, SOUTHEND.



From A. DEEPROSE, MORDEN.



From D. JENNINGS, LONDON.



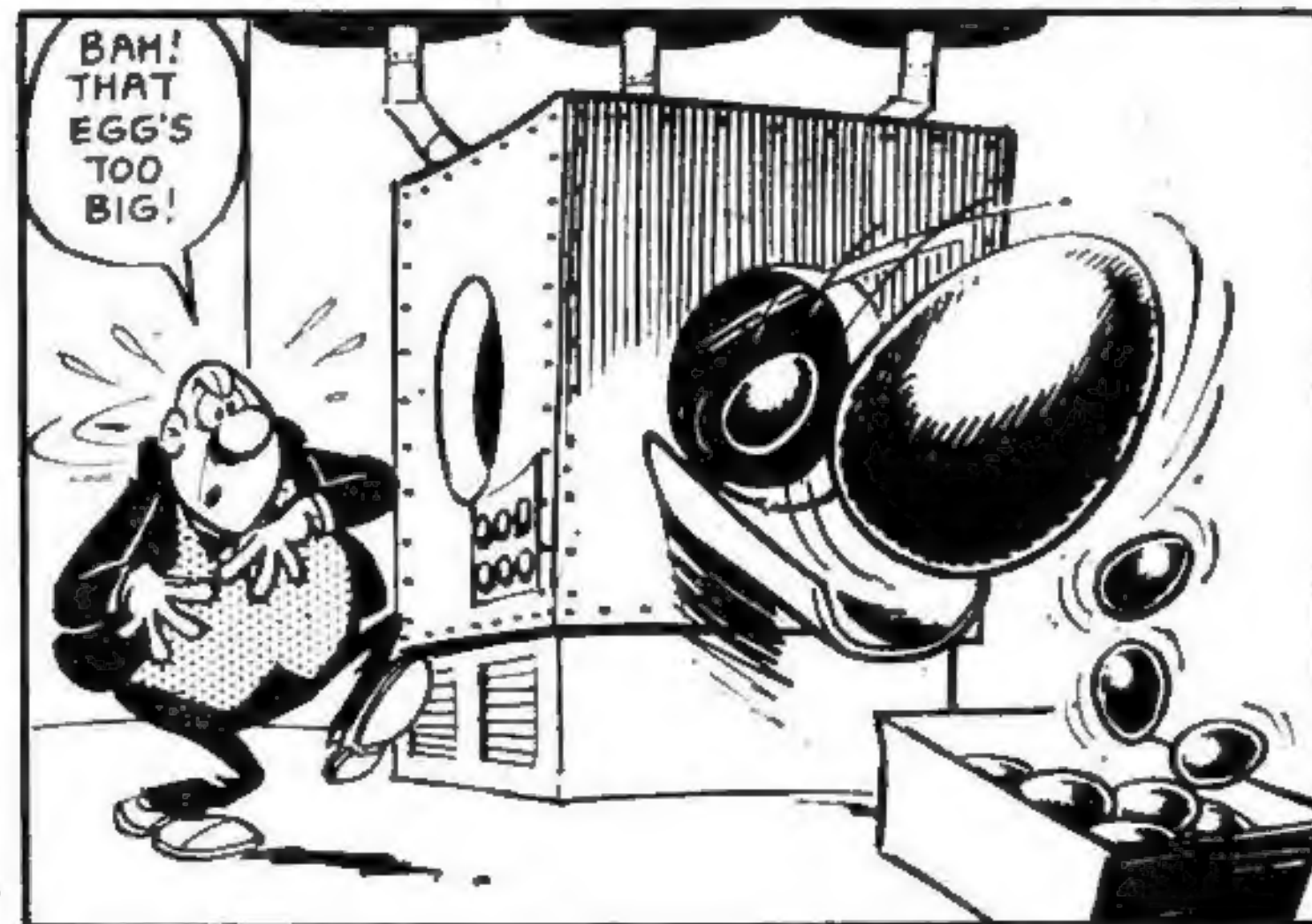
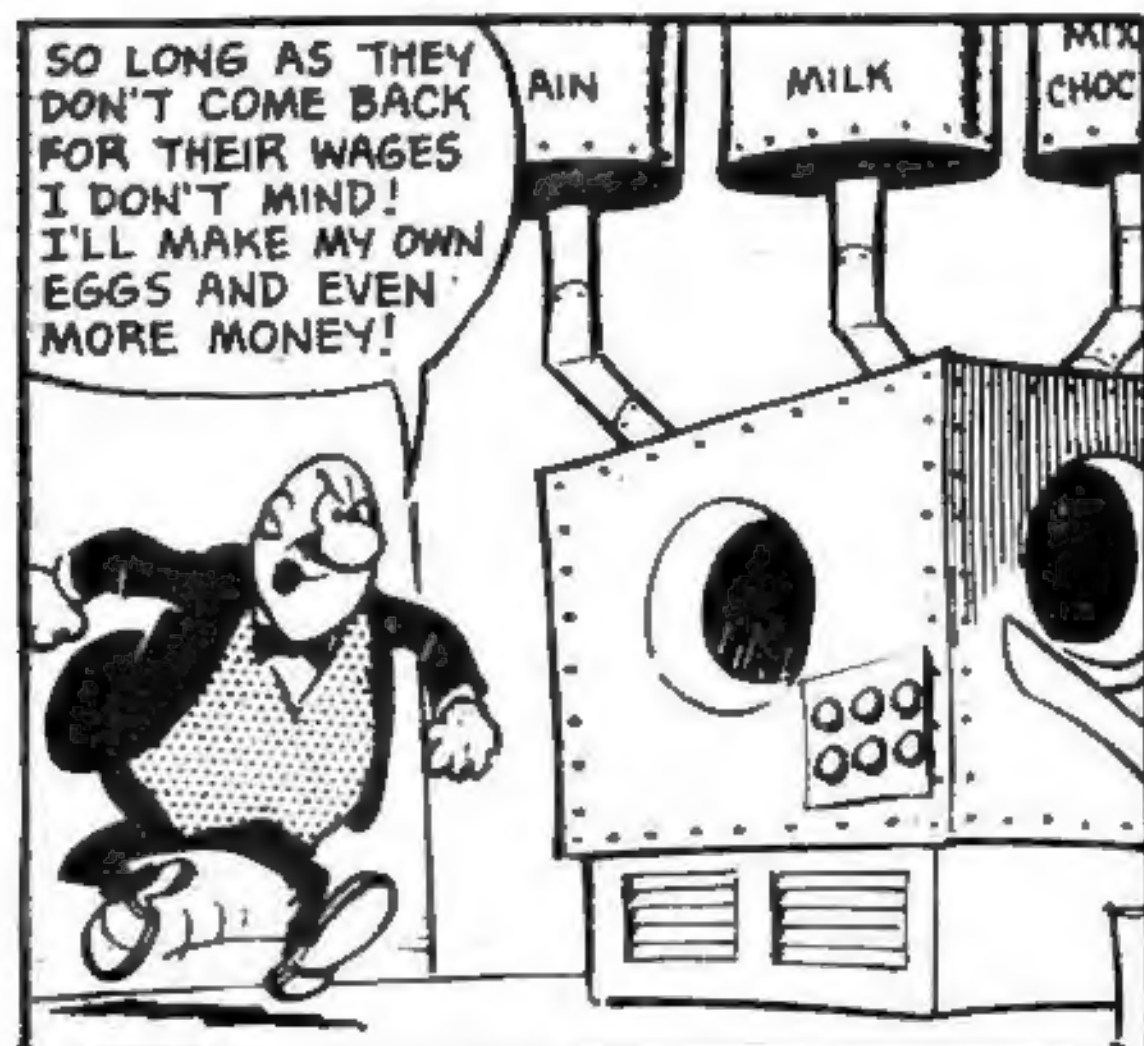
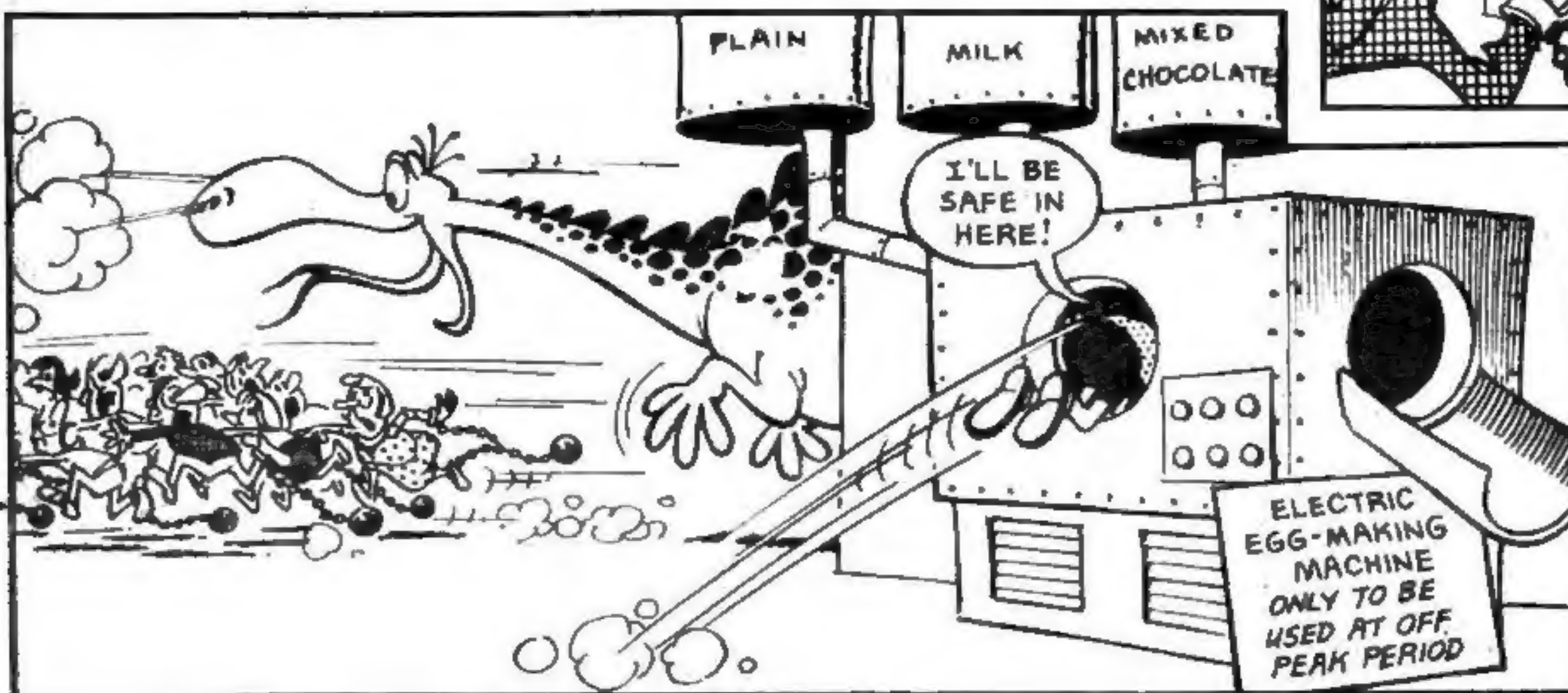
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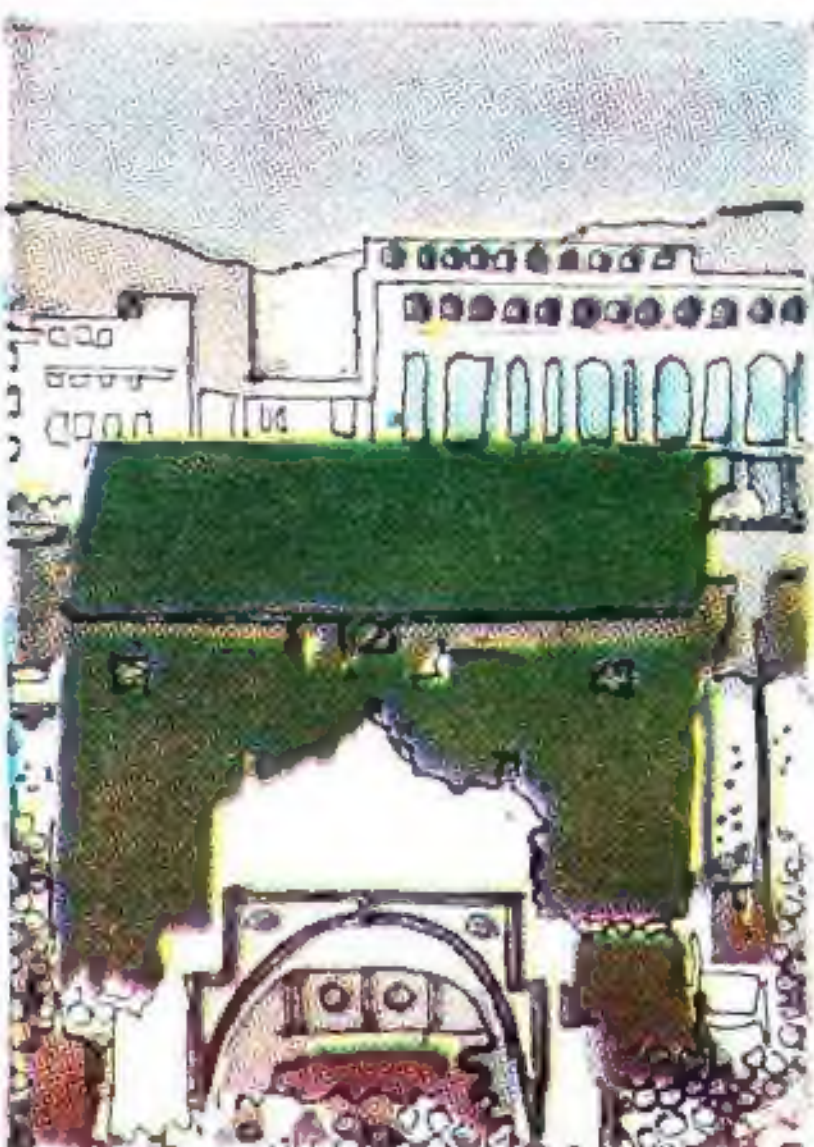
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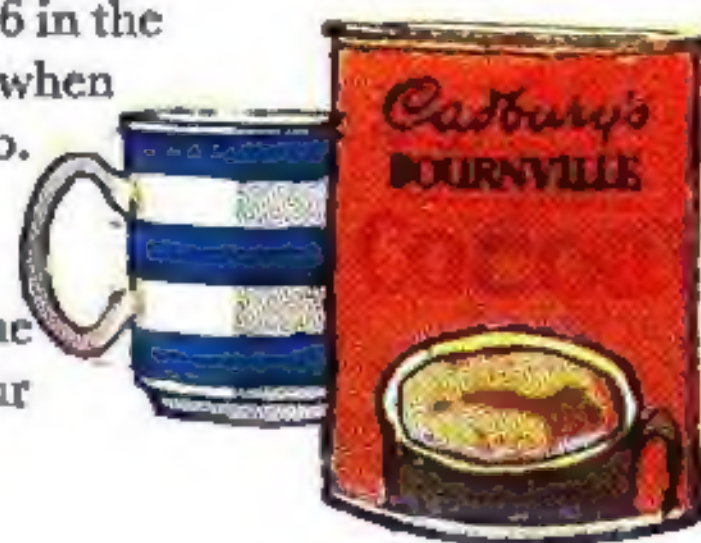


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